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EGYPT.

THE long and warm controversy between the English and Egyptian Governments as to the defence of ARABI has ended in the Egyptian giving way—ARABI is to be defended by English counsel. This concession has been wrung from the Egyptian Government by the strongest pressure which England could exert, and the reluctance of the Egyptian Government to allow the interference of foreigners in the trial of an Egyptian by an Egyptian tribunal was not only natural, but justifiable. It was not merely the resentment of wounded vanity which prompted the Ministers of the KHEDIVÉ to threaten to resign rather than to allow English counsel to defend ARABI; it was the apprehension that the whole relations of the KHEDIVÉ to his subjects were at stake. If the sovereign was not to be allowed to have an Egyptian tried by an Egyptian tribunal in the Egyptian method, he must seem to his nominal subjects to be as little as possible of an Egyptian prince, and as much as possible of a nominee and instrument of foreigners. The difficulties of creating an Egypt, with a nation and sovereign feeling themselves independent within prescribed limits, and working out their own destinies under judicious and not overt or dictatorial supervision, has been much increased by the severe repression of the first attempt of the KHEDIVÉ to act as if he really was allowed to govern Egypt as Egyptians understand government. This is so obvious that Lord GRANVILLE must have had very strong reasons for overriding objections of which he could not fail to see the very serious importance. The chief of these reasons may be supposed to be the perception that to let the Egyptian Government have its way now was only to postpone, and perhaps to intensify, the difficulties which the trial of ARABI creates for England. The decision of the Court, whatever it may be, can only be carried into effect by the permission of England. The English Government cannot allow an unjust sentence to be executed, and if it permitted the sentence to be passed, and then inquired into its justice, it might have to do little less than try ARABI twice. By securing the presence of English counsel it secures that the grounds of the sentence, whatever it may be, will bear examination. It will be in a position to allow the sentence to take effect without further delay or interference. If ARABI, after being defended by English counsel, is found guilty of participation in the massacres, it will be reasonably certain that he did invent or sanction them, and he may be left to his punishment without hesitation. If he is proved guilty of nothing but rebellion, which needed no proof, the English Government will have to face the serious problem of determining what is to be done with him; but, at any rate, it will be easier to know what to do with him when the suspicion that he did something worse than rebel has been thoroughly investigated.

A sketch has been published of what is called BAKER PASHA'S scheme for the new Egyptian army. There is to be a force of 10,000 men, of which so much is to be infantry, so much cavalry, so many engineers, and so many policemen of a military type. This tells us nothing. We do not gain much by knowing that there are to be one number of men on horses and one number of men on foot; the question is where are the men to come from, and who is to officer them. The correspondents who forward this vague sketch seem to think it very hard on them that they are not told the parts of the scheme which it would be

really interesting to know. As they put it, great dissatisfaction is felt (chiefly, it may be imagined, in the garden of Sheppard's Hotel) at the reticence of the English Government, and of its venturing to wait until it has got a definite plan for the whole government of Egypt, military, financial, judicial, and administrative. To form such a plan, to form it slowly and carefully, and to stick to it when it is formed and announced, is the very first duty of the English Government. Premature disclosures would make the success of any such plan impossible. It must be criticized as a whole, and not in parts. And it follows that, if premature disclosures are not to be made, they must not be made in Parliament any more than elsewhere. It is quite true that if the Government is prudent and firm, claims to be trusted, and works in secret, it will be doing precisely what many of its most eminent members denounced the late Conservative Government for doing. It will be thinking of what it is best for England to do, rather than of satisfying the clamours of the press and of irresponsible supporters. And if it is often true that an English Government, if it is to show itself adequate to the management of great affairs, must keep silence while working to a large result, and refuse to be judged by anything but the large result to which it is working, this is especially true in regard to Egypt. To have annexed Egypt would have been comparatively simple, but to govern Egypt and yet not to govern it, to leave it alone and yet be always guiding it, would have been a difficult task wherever Egypt had been situated. But the difficulty seems tenfold when it is remembered that Egypt is at once an Oriental country and very near England. There is a serious danger that Egypt may become another Ireland—a country different from England, and far behind it socially and politically, but so near England that everything done in it is criticized on strict Parliamentary principles and as if it was done in England. The Egyptian Government and the English Government in Egypt cannot get on with even the moderate amount of success which can be expected in the happiest circumstances if Parliamentary criticism is to be brought to bear on every detail of government, and the House is to be constantly invited to suspend its business and interest itself in the wrongs and fortunes of some miscreant at Kantara or Zagazig exactly as if he had lived and erred in Meath or Tipperary. We govern Orientals in India with tolerable success; but India fortunately escapes Parliamentary criticism, partly because it is so far off, partly because no one can pronounce Indian names and no two Anglo-Indians spell them alike, but principally because a scheme of government had grown up or been established in India before the days of random Parliamentary criticism began, and this scheme of government is recognized as being, on the whole, good in itself, and practically the best that can be devised.

In order to place Egypt in anything like the same position before Parliament as India, the Government has one resource, and only one, and that is to begin with announcing a scheme of government for Egypt which shall be at least recognized as being the best that can be practically devised. It is not to be supposed that any scheme that the Government may propose will not be open, not merely to futile and boisterous, but also to fair and instructive, criticism. There are not many mem-

bers of Parliament whose criticisms could be founded on that special knowledge which would make their criticisms really weighty. But every one would allow that it would be interesting and instructive to listen to the criticisms of Lord SALISBURY, Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. BRUCE, Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF, and, perhaps we may add, of Mr. McCOAN. Such critics will expose the defects of the scheme if it has any, and suggest modifications of it to be adopted in the future; but they will be capable of regarding the scheme as a whole, of seizing on its general aims, and of appreciating the minor importance of small details. The speeches of ordinary Conservatives, repeating one after another what they are told is the correct thing for Conservatives to say, or of effervescing Liberals declaiming the vagaries of a noble and impossible policy, will produce little effect on Parliament and none on the country. The Government will stand or fall, in general estimation, by the courage it shows, or fails to show, when attempts are made to force its hand and make it tell what it ought not to tell, and by its devising, or not devising, a scheme which will at least be considered tolerably good by competent critics. And competent critics will show their competence in nothing more than in their ability to recognize that the claims and interests of foreign Powers must be considered exactly up to the right point and no further. Lord GRANVILLE appears to be wisely endeavouring to smooth difficulties beforehand which might be serious if allowed to show themselves only when the scheme was announced. It is prudent and fair to discount in advance the objections of France and Turkey, and to show that we have as much regard for our old partner and as much respect for the sovereign of Egypt as is compatible with a determination that we shall have the necessary latitude for our future action in Egypt, and that the new Egypt shall not resemble a Turkish province. Too much credence ought not to be given to newspaper reports, but it may be hoped that the reports are not altogether unfounded which tell us that already the Governments of France and Turkey have been brought into a state of mind which will prompt them to receive the announcement of the English project without the show of discontent.

#### PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

**N**EXT week the House of Commons will meet to devote itself as exclusively as may be found possible to the new Rules of Procedure. It will not be possible that it should think and talk of nothing else, but the limits of its discussion on other subjects will not be large. The first thing that the Government has to do is to bring forward and carry its proposal that the consideration of the Rules of Procedure shall have precedence over all other business; and when once this is settled the House will have no choice but to devote its attention, or the greater part of its attention, to Procedure. There is nothing to stop interminable questions being put on every imaginable subject, and until the new rule is passed dealing with motions for adjournment, there is nothing to prevent motions for adjournment following on questions and a door being opened for discursive debate. It is also evident that the proposal to give precedence to the consideration of the new Rules may be long and hotly contested, for every one who thinks that any subject in which he is specially interested deserves the immediate attention of Parliament may descant on the unfairness of shutting out all subjects but one from the consideration of the House. It cannot be denied that the notion of getting the House together and letting it deal with only one subject for many weeks is a great innovation, and places the House of Commons in a new position towards the nation. There are therefore obstacles in the way of the Government confining the attention of the House to the new Rules, which are not to be overlooked; but the power of the Government to overcome these obstacles is necessarily very great in the special circumstances in which the Government is placed. The leaders of the Opposition will be naturally unwilling to give the impression that they shrink from a discussion of the new Rules, which would be created if they seemed to be unduly encouraging the discussion of other subjects. The House of Lords, again, may be content that it should not sit concurrently with the Commons; but it would only endure this so long as the Commons are solely occupied with a topic exclusively their own, like their Rules of Procedure, and the

Government may refuse to enter on matters which might as well be discussed in one House as in the other. Private members may be content to find their favourite schemes ignored when all are treated alike; and there will be a general reluctance in the House to show itself unbusinesslike, and, when met to deal with a special business, incapable of doing the work before it in a sensible manner.

If, a few months ago, Mr. GLADSTONE had chosen to adhere to his compromise as to closing debates, he could in all probability have passed his Rules almost in block, and without serious opposition or discussion. This would have saved the Government and the House a vast amount of trouble, and possibly, in a choice of evils, the choice of making a great experiment blindly, and finding out subsequently how it worked, would not have been the worst. But, if the new Rules are to be discussed seriously and fully, they obviously need a very serious and a very full discussion. Public attention has been far too much directed to the First Rule, partly because the objections to fettering debate are patent and are easily understood, and partly because the Government chose to shape it in the form of a hopeless puzzle. Members and constituencies were invited to guess a riddle to which there was no answer, and the public mind was taught to exhaust itself in a futile and wearisome occupation. Recently Ministerial speakers have found that their hearers were as tired of the First Rule as they were themselves, and have devoted themselves to proving vigorously, what no one contests, that the Rules of the House need some reform, or else they have substituted for the First Rule one of their own imagining. They explain that it is alike necessary, fair, and wise that a majority should be able to decide when a debate should be ended just as much as to decide anything else. But this is not the purport of the First Rule, or anything like it. The First Rule assumes that when it is to be applied the House wishes the debate to be closed; then the Speaker interprets the wish, and the House shows by a division that he has interpreted its wishes rightly. The complicated and inconsistent provisions of the First Rule as to the constitution of the majority which is to show this in different cases are only constructions of what is meant by the evident wish of the House that the debate shall be closed, and no ingenuity or trifling with words and figures can make out that the evident wish of the House means the wish of a tiny party majority. But, however the First Rule is shaped, it is only one rule of many, and is important rather from the principles it involves than from the possibility of its frequent application or its real tendency to facilitate business.

Practically, the most important of the proposals of the Government is the proposal to constitute large Committees which, on subjects thought to be unlikely to provoke party conflicts, shall save the House the nuisance of long debates in Committee. Something of the sort has been proposed over and over again by persons of varying degrees of eminence, and there is something attractive in the proposal, if only it could be carried out. It seems lamentable that measures desirable in themselves should be thrown over year after year because no time for long debates on them in Committee of the whole House can be found. But in reality things are not quite so bad as this way of putting facts represents. The House is more ingenious than is supposed. It has contrived an alternative to long debates in Committee on Bills to which it does not object, and this alternative is far simpler than the institution of Grand Committees. The means it has devised and adopted for avoiding the delays of debate over such Bills is really admirable for its simplicity and efficacy. It avoids too much debate by not debating at all. The two most important, and perhaps it may be said the only important, Bills of last Session—the Settled Estates Act and the Married Women's Property Act—were never debated at all in the House of Commons. The House allowed great changes to be made in the law of property with a sublime indifference, and a commendable recognition on the part of the mass of members that such things were not within their range. The Bills had the support of the few men of both parties who understood them, and that was enough. But they are exactly the kind of Bills that would be referred to the new Grand Committees, and on which a Grand Committee would have expended hours of fatiguing labour. Nor is this a point to be passed over lightly. There is a serious danger that the



total work of Parliament might to be increased rather than diminished by the institution of Grand Committees. It might be that debates would be thrown on Grand Committees which the House would have spared itself. The concurrence of the leaders of both parties as to closing debates, allowing Bills to pass unquestioned, and so forth, has practically been hitherto a powerful instrument in facilitating Parliamentary business; and the new Rules seem to mark a period when this instrument is to be abandoned. Its edge may have lately grown blunter and its force feebler; but, if it is cast altogether aside, the House can never be again what it was. It may have new virtues, but it will have lost some old ones. The lines of party will be hardened; the field that parties have in common will be lessened; and the new Session that is to introduce a conspicuous move in this direction cannot be viewed without something of reasonable anxiety.

#### THE IRISH NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

ABOUT a week before the assembling of the "National Conference" in Dublin, the New York *Irish Nation*, the organ of Mr. JOHN DEVOR, and one of the most violent but not of the most disreputable Irish-American papers, described the situation in Ireland in one of the luxuriant "cross-heads" which ornament the columns of American journals. "Drifting among the Planks of a Cumbrous and Disjointed Platform" was perhaps the happiest and certainly the most prophetic epigraph in Mr. DEVOR's garland. The sentence describes very fairly, as well as picturesquely, what happened at Dublin ten days later. The platform and the planks whose case the American journalist puts so frankly have been already discussed more than once, and their cumbrousness at least has been fully made manifest. But the extreme disjointedness of the structure was naturally not disclosed till it came to be stood upon. Mr. DAVITT's speech at Edgeworthstown, the day before the opening of the Conference, already indicated some of the gaps. The speech, except in denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE and the Land Act, was moderate enough in manner, and the speaker deprecated the use of violent language. But his accompanying deprecation of the idea of a conflict of interests between farmers and labourers pointed to a difficulty which has long been imminent; and his stubborn refusal to be thankful for, to be content with, or even to accept, however grudgingly, the Land Act, pointed still more definitely to the breach with Mr. PARNELL which, strenuously denied, has long been imminent likewise. But it was not till the opening of the Conference itself that the disunion among the agitators was fully manifest. Although in his Edgeworthstown speech Mr. DAVITT had not given very much prominence to the ideas which he has imbibed from Mr. GEORGE, he did not attempt to disguise them. Among the points which, according to him, must be secured in order to terminate the agrarian difficulty, the last, but not the least, is "the ownership of the land of Ireland by the occupiers in common with the remainder of the people of Ireland."

The Conference which assembled under Mr. PARNELL's presidency, and in which Mr. DAVITT plays, in his own phrase, the part of "friendly opposition"—a part in which there is perhaps at least as much of opposition as of friendliness—was evidently not inclined to adopt Mr. DAVITT's nostrum, but as evidently it contained a strong DAVITT party. Mr. PARNELL, in his opening address, spoke with no uncertain sound of the nationalization scheme. He, too, is far from considering the Land Act final, but he will hear of no finality but the acquisition by the holder of his holding at a "fair" price—a solution doubly odious to the fanatics of nationalization, both as compensating, however inadequately, the existing landlords, and as establishing new landlords in their places. The tone of moderation was fairly maintained throughout the address, though Mr. PARNELL, with his usual skill, took care to hint pretty strongly that all the moderate and constitutional or quasi-constitutional reforms which he proposed were to be subordinated and contributory to the grand scheme of Home Rule. It is not surprising that the abolition of the Viceroyalty is put forward as an important point. For, as has been pointed out repeatedly, although an injudicious Lord-Lieutenant, or one who allows himself to be a mere figure-head, may do much harm to Imperial interests in Ireland, a vigorous and capable Lord-Lieutenant has the power of strengthening those interests by his per-

sonal action, in a degree not to be attained by bundles of Acts of Parliament. The agitators know and fear the power of the instrument, and therefore they seek to coax or wrest it from the hand of England. However, the speech of Mr. PARNELL, ingenious as it was, was still not the main point of interest in the meeting of Tuesday. That position was hardly occupied even by the remarkable financial statement in which Mr. PATRICK EGAN summarily accounted for the receipt of a quarter of a million of money and the expenditure of all but thirty thousand pounds. It is in the comments of the minor speakers, and in the squabbles which those comments occasioned, that the real instruction of the Conference lies. The Rev. Mr. CANTWELL, as the seconder to Mr. PARNELL's motion, contented himself with repeating the dreary platitudes about English misunderstanding and English robbery of Ireland, of which Irishmen seem never to be tired; but with Mr. CANTWELL the tone of acquiescence and echo ceased. Mr. DAVITT deliberately declared that "he could not conscientiously support the principle underlying the programme"; and this difference of opinion repeated itself in all the discussion that followed. It would be wearisome, and is unnecessary, to go through the utterances, visionary or violent, of obscure demagogues; but the casual voice from the gallery which remarked, "We hear a great deal of landlord and tenant, but not a word about the man who has no land," uttered the Mene Tekel of the meeting, as far as the social and economic aspect of the matter goes. As to political subjects, the sharp altercation between Mr. O'CONNOR and Mr. DAVITT was of the greatest significance; and the question of the payment of members, which also occupied considerable attention, may be taken as not unconnected with it. Independently of the difference between Mr. DAVITT and Mr. PARNELL on the land question, there appears to be a difference hardly less important on the subject of the position of members of Parliament. The latter would have all members of the Council of the new League elective—a rule which, taken in connexion with the proposed organization, which is of the most elaborately subdivided character, would pretty clearly reduce the Parliamentary party to the condition of mere delegates of the Council.

There is thus evident in the Irish party of agitation, to say nothing of personal feuds and differences, an important economic dissension, and a political dissension still more important. Mr. DAVITT represents Communism and the Caucus; Mr. PARNELL does not go so far. It is impossible to say who will win; for the greater attractiveness (because of their greater violence) of Mr. DAVITT's proposals is balanced, not only by the considerable powers of generalship which his rival possesses, but by the fact that the most influential classes among the constituents of the party are secured to the Parnellite cause by direct and close ties of pecuniary interest. The Irish tenant-farmer, who has hitherto had the last word, has no reason to fall in love with Mr. DAVITT's economic views, which promise to saddle him with a far more relentless landlord than any he has escaped. He has every reason to follow Mr. PARNELL, who promises him secure enjoyment of his recent plunder, and an addition to it by the strengthening and enlarging of Mr. HEALY's clause. But, on the other hand, there is "the man who has got no land" of whom the ominous voice spoke, and who may have something to say in the matter. These dissensions cannot but in themselves facilitate the government of Ireland by the strong and effective methods which have recently come once more into use. But it would be a mistake, and is a mistake only too likely to be committed, to trust too much to the division of the enemy. That division does not prevent a community of disloyalty, a community of hatred to England, a community of desire to disturb order and protect crime. Davittites and Parnellites both agree in upholding the hideous state of things recently disclosed in the case of DOLOUGHTY's widow, where a woman deprived of her means of support by a barbarous murder meets, instead of sympathy and help, with the execration and persecutions of a whole neighbourhood. The objects of the parties may be different, but there is hardly a difference in their approval of the villainous means used hitherto to secure those objects. Empty and qualified denunciations of outrage are mere hypocrisy while boycotting is maintained and approved. But this is not all. It is idle to blink the fact that the enemy is not all without the camp—that the worst enemy indeed is within. As in the past, so for some time in the future, the determining weight in the

balance will not be the unity or vigour of Irish agitation, but the state of Mr. GLADSTONE's political necessities. For the present apparently those necessities are not likely to be great, and any immediate concession to Irish demands may not be to be looked for. But for many reasons Ireland is a convenient field in which to administer those sopas to the Radical party by which Mr. GLADSTONE has always maintained himself in power. It must be remembered that the concession of Home Rule is already viewed with no displeasure, but rather with desire, by a large section of that party. Many, if not most, prominent leaders of the English democracy have hitherto displayed an almost unique preference for all schemes which tend to weaken their own country. Possibly the experience of the Egyptian expedition may change this; possibly it may not. If not, Ireland, as it has already provided Mr. GLADSTONE with a Church and a landlord class to throw to the wolves, will probably be looked to at the next opportunity to provide a fresh sacrifice, which can hardly be other than that of the integrity of the Empire. In both the cases just mentioned the operation was made easier by an almost total lack of forethought in warning and educating the English constituencies against the danger of it. The repetition of this mistake, at least, it is in the power of political leaders to avoid.

#### VACATION SPEECHES.

LAST week's speeches have left but little impression; and it may be confidently asserted that they have not won a proselyte to either party. There is little use in arguing against success, even though it could be proved that the necessity of a military triumph might have been avoided. The country at large probably prefers a victory to the most skilful achievements of diplomacy. The cost of the campaign in money and life has been considerable, but at present it is scarcely grudged. On the other hand, Ministerial speakers wasted their time in proving that the present Ministers have fallen into no difficulties except those which they inherited from their predecessors. Lord NORTHBROOK selected for eulogy as the most conspicuous of Mr. GLADSTONE's innumerable merits the perfect consistency of his language and acts in opposition and in office. The general community is too dull to appreciate the distinction between the employment of Indian troops by Lord BEACONSFIELD and the apparent imitation of his policy by his successors; but these issues, even if they were disputable, are wholly obsolete. Statesmen are apt to exaggerate the importance of justifying themselves and convicting their opponents of error. In foreign, if not in domestic, affairs the country cares rather for results than for the correct apportionment of praise and blame between rival partisans. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has done his followers the service of providing them with arguments to prove that there are two sides to leading political questions. Whether the proposition requires proof may perhaps be doubted.

Mr. FAWCETT, who is accustomed to express his own opinions in preference to a mere repetition of cant phrases, distinguished himself at Glasgow from both Liberal and Conservative speakers by an exposure of some revolutionary fallacies which have been lately promulgated. The security of property from violent or legislative spoliation is a much more important object than the vindication of Mr. GLADSTONE's consistency. Among the various predatory schemes which have lately been propounded, Mr. FAWCETT selected for confutation that which is perhaps the least dangerous because it is the most extravagant. The projects of the Farmers' Alliance are more ostentatiously unjust and more consciously selfish than the wild proposals of the GEORGES and the DAVITTS; but the so-called nationalization of the land, if it were accomplished, would destroy the whole fabric of society, instead of merely robbing a few landlords for the benefit of five or six times the number of tenant-farmers. As a political economist and as a practical legislator, Mr. FAWCETT is naturally impressed with the absurdity of substituting the State for the present landlords as the sole owner of the soil. "What," he asks, "is to be done with the land when the transfer is completed?" It was perhaps hardly worth while to suggest the inconvenience of raising two thousand millions to compensate the landlords. The difficulty would be at once removed by the simple process of refusing payment. Mr. GEORGE candidly announces the intention of simply

dispossessing the owners, and Mr. DAVITT some time since disputed the justice of paying for the fugitive ex-landlords their steamboat fare from Dublin to Holyhead. Mr. FAWCETT makes the obvious remark that, if the land belonged to the State, it would be the duty of the Government to exact the amount of rent which would be payable according to the commercial standard of supply and demand. The occupier would have no plausible claim to receive a subsidy at the expense of the taxpayers, though his advocates, from Mr. GLADSTONE down to Mr. DAVITT, assert his right to gratuitous participation in the property of private landowners. The only objection to such arguments as Mr. FAWCETT's is that they assume the possibility of difference of opinion. The rival titles of the householder and the burglar are not proper subjects of controversy. It might also be suggested that Mr. DAVITT's theories are, for the moment, ostensibly rejected by more specious projectors; but professedly orthodox Liberals even now betray a suspicious sympathy with the most revolutionary demagogues. The *Daily News* undertakes to vindicate Mr. DAVITT's moderation because at a late meeting he remonstrated against a shout of "Down with the landlords!" What Mr. DAVITT really said was that the landlords would not be suppressed by mere clamour; and that the common purpose would be more effectually promoted by the measures which he undertook to expound. Neither Mr. DAVITT nor any other agitator of his class can answer Mr. FAWCETT; but, as AJAX in Ovid said of ULYSSES, the prize of the contest is won by any anarchist who can provoke an eminent economist to descend with him into the arena of discussion.

Mr. FAWCETT, though he is as honest as he is able, contributed in the same speech to the strength of the democratic movement which threatens the security of property as of other institutions. Consistently with his well-known opinions, he expressed a wish to accelerate the impending extension of the suffrage. Like other members of his party, he expects to improve the political system by introducing into the governing body a large number of the most incompetent and most dangerous voters. No Liberal has attempted to confute a statement attributed to Mr. BRIGHT, that government by a numerical majority in England would be more democratic than in any other country. Neither on the Continent of Europe nor in America is the constituency so largely composed of persons living on weekly wages. It is true that a thriving English artisan is more intelligent than a French peasant, and perhaps he may have more to lose by disorder; but holders of visible and tangible property are more easily alarmed than mechanics or agricultural labourers. Almost alone among the leaders of his party, Mr. FAWCETT perceives the danger, and wishes to guard against the oppression and injustice which he foresees as probable. For the protection of the upper and middle classes against the tyranny of the multitude he proposes to institute a representation of minorities. The conclusive objection to such a scheme is that it will never be introduced or maintained. Mr. BRIGHT, who abhors the contrivance which has been recommended by Mr. FAWCETT and by Mr. MILL, represents, if not the deliberate opinion of the mass of the people, at least their inevitable action. The majority will not grasp supreme power for the purpose of relinquishing of its own accord the fruits of its victory. Household suffrage or universal suffrage means the sovereignty of the working classes and the permanent disfranchisement or political suppression of the rest of the community. It is a useless experiment to swim with the stream and at the same time to cling to the banks or to struggle upwards by the aid of artificial eddies. Mr. FAWCETT's plan is creditable to his sense of justice, and in a certain sense to his foresight; but neither he nor any other advocate of moderation and justice will, when the need arrives, be able to bell the cat. His scruples are nevertheless more respectable than the careless confidence with which Lord HARTINGTON relied on the supposed security of aristocratic position, when he first pledged the Liberal party to the cause of promiscuous household suffrage.

One of the latest political speeches was delivered by a politician who is so far more representative of the Liberal party than Mr. FAWCETT that he seeks for originality in rhetorical exaggeration of the commonplace and cant of the day. Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD is probably not more naturally disposed to personal adulation than any other politician of ordinary cultivation and fair abilities; but, when it is the fashion to flatter Mr. GLADSTONE, he cannot abstain from eulogies



more than ordinarily inflated. It is commonly and justly said that imitation is the most delicate form of flattery. It may be added that assentation is especially acceptable when the copyist selects for his model a specimen of sophistical nonsense. On the text of Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that the Egyptian war was a purely pacific measure Mr. ARNOLD expatiated in a strain of admiring paradox. It is in his judgment untrue that the English army fought to restore the authority of the KHEDEVE. The English Commander-in-Chief, indeed, directly contradicted Mr. ARNOLD's doctrine, being perhaps unaware that Mr. ARNOLD, or his inspired chief, "would not endanger the life of a British soldier to maintain against his subjects the rule of any foreign sovereign or president in the world." It is true that the KHEDEVE is neither a sovereign nor a president. The lives of many British soldiers were endangered for the sole purpose of restoring the KHEDEVE's authority; but Mr. GLADSTONE is, according to his enthusiastic votary, incapable of taking so prosaic a view of affairs "on that African isthmus." "To the lasting honour of his [Mr. GLADSTONE's] great name, he chose that course which Mr. MILL declared to be always moral, that of intervening to enforce non-intervention." Mr. ARNOLD then proceeds to quote a conversation in which, "with tranquil certainty, the PRIME MINISTER said he did not apprehend any difficulty with the Porte." It seems to follow that there was no need of enforcing non-intervention, as Turkey was the only Power except England which ever thought of intervening. With such stuff the Liberal party, under the guidance of Mr. GLADSTONE, has learned to be content. As at Byzantium or during the first and second Empires at Paris, sycophancy is becoming the subject or the ornament of oratory, and for the same reason. As Mr. ARNOLD rightly perhaps conjectures, a general election would at this moment return a majority of supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE; and it is therefore expedient to celebrate his praises with wearisome iteration.

#### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

IT is not often that the general public can be advised to buy and read a Blue-book, particularly a Blue-book of considerable size. But the correspondence in reference to the proposed construction of a Channel Tunnel which was issued at the end of last week may almost be described as indispensable in an Englishman's library. It contains, indeed, no argument on the subject of the mischievous project it discusses which has not been repeatedly urged before, and not least in these columns. But it contains those arguments set forth in an official form, urged by names of the highest personal authority, supported by facts and considerations of great interest and some intricacy, and strengthened by the very attempts to overthrow or minimize them which the book also faithfully reproduces. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that the design of a Tunnel can survive the publication of this volume. But stranger things have happened than such a survival. The project is eminently one of that class of which it may be said *Resurget*. It offers direct inducements to the most unsleeping of all passions, that of cupidity. There is something grandiose in it which appeals to a nobler weakness; and, worst of all, it is defensible, if it be defensible at all, by the use of the very platitudes and the very fallacies which are every day more and more becoming the dominant maxims of English politics. We are informed in this volume, on the authority of a note of the late Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, that the first distinct encouragement which was given to the scheme nine years ago by the Board of Trade was "in exact accordance with Mr. GLADSTONE's wishes"; and under the next Government it is well known that Lord DERBY—in vague terms, it is true—expressed himself in favour of "any well-considered scheme for increasing facility of communication between England and France." "Facility of communication," "international brotherhood," "victories of peace," and such-like things are coin that is likely to become daily more current in a community where political power is distributed without regard to political ability. The Tunnel is scotched, no doubt, but it is not killed. This Blue-book, however, contains an arsenal of weapons for repeating the scotching whenever again it shows signs of life.

The earlier history of the project has been over and

over again discussed, and the general arguments for and against it need no repetition. The documents of chief interest which this collection of papers contains are four in number—the report of the Military Committee appointed to consider the subject, and the comments on that report of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, and of Sir JOHN ADYE. It does not appear that the Committee approached the subject in any hostile spirit; and Sir JOHN ADYE, the chief military defender of the scheme, seems to acquiesce in their conclusions as heartily as Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF in finding nothing superfluous therein. It is all the more interesting to inquire what those conclusions are. They are briefly these. That the Tunnel must be brought some distance inland, so that its mouth shall be out of range of the guns of an enemy's fleet in temporary command of the Channel; that the said mouth shall be not within but under the guns of a first-class fortress; that manifold devices shall be provided for blocking, flooding, and blowing up the Tunnel, as well as for rendering its air unbreathable; and that all these means shall be made applicable not only from within the fortress, but from one or more distant places. When these things are done, the Committee conclude, with the calmness of experts, "it would be presumptuous to place absolute reliance" on them. In other words, the most costly, elaborate, and burdensome precautions would have to be taken; and, after all, it is by no means certain that they would be efficient. How costly and elaborate those precautions would be, and how uncertain it is that they would work, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY have shown—the former in a singularly sensible and weighty memorandum, the latter in a vigorous argument, the effect of which is only slightly marred by indulgence in poetical quotations, marks of exclamation, and some other exuberances characteristic of the writer. From the lowest point of view—the point of view of pounds, shillings, and pence—the proposed defences may almost be said to settle the question. They are accepted, let it be remembered, by Sir JOHN ADYE, the Tunnel champion, and may therefore be taken as admittedly not exorbitant. No one but Colonel BEAUMONT would dream of calling Dover a first-class fortress; and, even if it were, the Committee's recommendation that the mouth of the Tunnel be carried inland, and the evident necessity of guarding against a *coup de main* would prevent its fulfilling the required conditions. A new first-class fortress must therefore be built, and from a moderate comparison of instances in countries where land and labour are much cheaper than here, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE puts the lowest cost of such a fortress at three millions of money. But the fortress must not only be made; it must be garrisoned. The garrison must be strong in peace as in war (indeed stronger in peace, when the danger will be greatest); it must be a clear addition to the present military strength of England, and it must consist of from seven to ten thousand men. The Duke does not say what that would add to the Estimates, but a million a year is a very moderate computation when the maintenance of the works is included. Three millions down, and a million annually represents the expense which Sir EDWARD WATKIN is good enough to propose that the nation should incur. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, not without humour, suggests that the capitalized amount, together with the sum necessary for the Committee's recommendations of minor defence, should be "paid into the Treasury" by the promoters of the undertaking.

Conclusive, however, as this preliminary objection is in a way, every Englishman who deserves the name must feel that it is, after all, the very smallest part of the matter. If the Channel Tunnel were a great national benefit, it is not its cost, direct or indirect, that need stand in its way. But it is demonstrably certain that it would be a great national curse. The admission of the Committee that their most elaborate recommendations can only provide a dubious and problematical security almost does away with the necessity of considering those recommendations themselves. The safety of England is the first consideration, and no advantage attended by conditions which impair that safety can be considered as other than dust in the balance. How gravely it would be impaired Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has shown by an exhaustive gathering up of all the arguments on the subject. Some attempts have been made to quote foreign opinion on the other side; but, even if that opinion had been far more decided, it is difficult to believe that it could be seriously

appealed to. For the persons who give this advice are precisely the persons who would profit by its being taken. Every nation is the possible foe of every other nation, and therefore it is to every nation's interest that the defences of every other nation should be as weak as possible. Frenchmen would hardly ask Englishmen whether it is wise to strengthen the French navy; nor would Germans consult Frenchmen on the necessity of keeping Metz and Strasburg in a state of repair. On the whole, therefore, the consensus of opinion as to the dangers of the scheme must be said to be overwhelming. But its mere military dangers, as it has been again and again pointed out, do not exhaust the arguments against it. It is as certain as that night follows day that the construction of a Tunnel would be followed by constant disastrous and demoralizing panics in which no one but an unprincipled politician or a Stock Exchange gambler could by any possibility find his account, and in which it may be shrewdly suspected that some of the promoters of the Tunnel are prepared to find their account. But all these things have been said before, and it is needless to say them again. They will be found well and authoritatively put in this collection of papers—a collection so decisive that it would be strange if the Government should think of even considering the question any further, or of recommending its consideration to Parliament. The first Standing Order, so to speak, with which every scheme of every kind has to comply is that the safety of the realm be not injured by it; and with this the scheme of a Channel Tunnel has been in effect pronounced not to comply. Perhaps the chief thing surprising in the whole matter to those who have followed it from its beginning is that any Minister or any Department should, even in the vaguest fashion, have ever extended countenance to a project so costly to the nation, so certain to bring about grave political and economical inconveniences, and so likely to give occasion for a national disaster to which—all the circumstances considered—it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of the world.

#### THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE Republican party in the United States is in danger of losing the supremacy which it has enjoyed during more than twenty years. The Democrats have carried the powerful State of Ohio by a considerable majority; and they anticipate similar success in Pennsylvania, and, with still stronger reason, in New York. The political change in Ohio, though it admits of explanation, may at first sight cause surprise. Mr. HAYES, who preceded Mr. GARFIELD as President, belonged to the State, and owed his success in great measure to the efforts of his neighbours. His gratitude was so exemplary that, like the traditional diplomatist who was distinguished by the absence of a decoration, a citizen of Ohio who had not got a place was facetiously supposed to be an exceptional person. The conversion of the State to Democratic opinions is attributed to the folly and intolerance of the Legislature in passing prohibitory laws against the use of intoxicating liquors. The just indignation of the German inhabitants, and perhaps of other victims of puritanic tyranny, has found expression in the recent vote. The Temperance agitators in England will do well to take warning by the reaction in Ohio. The Germans in all parts of the Union have hitherto been among the staunchest members of the Republican party. Before and during the Civil War they were almost unanimously hostile to slavery, while the Irish regarded the coloured population with jealous dislike. The secession of the Germans of Ohio will alarm the Republican managers in Pennsylvania, who have also the difficult task of preventing a schism in the party. The CAMERON family and their adherents are threatened with a mutiny of which the Democrats will not fail, if the opportunity occurs, to take advantage.

The internal dissensions of the Republican party are still more conspicuous in New York. The State Convention has nominated Mr. FOLGER, now Secretary of the Treasury, for the office of Governor in opposition to the present Governor, Mr. CORNELL. Both candidates were personally respectable, and perhaps Mr. FOLGER was the more eminent of the two; but they respectively represented hostile factions and rival political managers. Mr. FOLGER was supposed to be put forward by the Federal Govern-

ment of which he is a member, and he was actively supported by Mr. CONKLING and by the so-called Stalwarts. Mr. CORNELL's friends, locally distinguished as the Half-breeds, asserted that the well-known capitalist, Mr. JAY GOULD, provided the FOLGER party with funds for the contest. Not to be behindhand with their antagonists, the Stalwarts discovered that Mr. CORNELL had been engaged in pecuniary transactions with the same formidable speculator. Perhaps the material advantage of being connected in business with Mr. JAY GOULD may be set off against the vague suspicion which is attached to his name. Charges of pecuniary corruption are generally calumnious to the knowledge of all parties, but they would not be habitually employed if they were not thought likely to influence votes. A more special scandal has been disclosed or devised for the purpose of impairing the moral authority of the Convention. It is asserted that one or more of the delegates voted in virtue of forged proxies, either as dupes or as accomplices in the fraud. The most serious effect of the report will be to furnish malcontent Republicans with an excuse for withholding their votes from the nominee of the Convention. Mr. CONKLING and his adherents have now the advantage of controlling the Republican organization, or, as it is expressively described, the machine. It is in ordinary cases a point of honour to vote for the regular candidate of the party, even though he may be personally distasteful; but when a nomination is tainted with fraud, the most loyal partisans may think it right to resume their independence. It is a significant fact that General GRANT, notwithstanding his close political alliance with Mr. CONKLING, has intimated that for the present he stands aloof from politics, and takes no part in the State election. He probably wishes both to avoid a rupture with either of the Republican factions and to secure himself from a party defeat. While the Republicans are prosecuting internal feuds, the Democratic party in New York has by a natural consequence settled or suspended dissensions which contributed to its defeat in recent contests. The Club or organization which takes its name from Tammany Hall has made a temporary or permanent compromise with the independent section of the party. The Convention which they accordingly held in common has nominated for the office of Governor Mr. CLEVELAND, who is admitted, even by his opponents, to be personally an eligible candidate. There can be little doubt of his success, especially as the Democrats probably command a majority in the State. The city of New York, with its vast Irish population, is always Democratic; and the votes of the rural districts will on this occasion be divided.

The politicians who busy themselves with State elections are more deeply interested in the control of the Federal Government. It is, indeed, impossible to maintain a distinction between national and provincial contests. The canvass for State officers and for members of Congress is conducted simultaneously by the same agents, and skilful managers never lose sight of the bearing of their operations on the future Presidential election. It is mainly with a view to the Republican nomination which will be made in 1884 that Mr. CONKLING is now exerting himself in New York, and his chief rival in other parts of the Union. The actual PRESIDENT has not declared whether he will be a candidate for re-election; but a President who owes his promotion to an accident has no strong claim upon the party, and Mr. ARTHUR has only held a secondary rank as a Republican manager. Mr. CONKLING fully discharged at the last election any obligation which he may have owed to General GRANT, and it is understood that he will himself be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. His most conspicuous rival, Mr. BLAINE, is as active as himself, and hitherto his efforts seem to have prospered better. A brilliant triumph achieved by the Republicans in the State elections of Maine is ascribed to Mr. BLAINE's skill and energy, and he has since found time to interfere in the politics of at least one Southern State. Mr. MAHONE, one of the Senators for Virginia, having been nominally elected as a Democrat, gave his support during recent Sessions to the Republican party. He was in fact elected by a coalition of Democrats and Republicans, on the principle of repudiating the whole or part of the State debt. The Republican Senators for the most part welcomed his adhesion without inquiring too narrowly into his doctrines or the mandate of his constituents. Mr. BLAINE probably displays greater sagacity in rejecting the pretensions of MAHONE. To satisfy the scruples of the repudiating faction, Mr. BLAINE holds out hopes of the



assumption of a part of the debt by West Virginia, which was carved out of the old State during the Civil War. The creditors will probably derive little satisfaction from the remote prospect of a voluntary recognition of their claims by a State which is supposed to have incurred an equitable liability. It is impossible, in default of local knowledge, to appreciate Mr. BLAINE's motives and arguments; but it may be confidently conjectured that he understands much better than foreign observers the reasons of his present action. It does not appear whether he is taking any part in the Pennsylvania election. The Republican leaders in the State, including Mr. SIMON CAMERON and his son, are associated rather with Mr. CONKLING than with Mr. BLAINE. They are unlucky in the recent discovery of one of the great official frauds which from time to time occur in some of the principal States of the Union. The funds of a charitable institution in Philadelphia, which is maintained either by the State or the City, have been embezzled on a gigantic scale by the act or with the concurrence of one PHIPPS, the manager, who probably owed his appointment to political influence. Even if the transaction is unconnected with party interests, the Democrats will not fail to take advantage of the scandal.

One of the most interesting elections will be held in Massachusetts, where General BUTLER is a candidate for the office of Governor, though it has not been ascertained whether he professes to be a Republican or a Democrat. He hesitated to accept the Democratic nomination, probably for the purpose of detaching as many votes as possible from the regular Republican organization. He probably feels confident that he will in any case receive the support of the Democrats, who can have little hope of carrying the State on behalf of any other candidate. Whatever may be thought of General BUTLER's character and career, his vigour and ability are not open to dispute. A Democratic leader before the war, he was appointed to a high command at the beginning of the conflict, before Mr. LINCOLN and his advisers had learned that soldiers understood military affairs better than civilians. Having failed as a general, General BUTLER retained influence enough to be admitted to the most select counsels of the Republican party, of which he was a few years ago the recognized leader in the House of Representatives. When he at last lost his seat in Congress, he tampered with Socialism for the purpose of courting the newly-established Labour party; and he has now worked his way round into the position of Democratic nominee for a high office. Although the Irish population of Boston has greatly increased within a few years, the majority of the State is probably still Republican. The American elections are watched with an interest and curiosity which even within the United States is unmingled with anxiety. Neither party will do much good or much harm to a community which enjoys unlimited natural prosperity, and which is in a great measure independent of politics.

#### THE REPORT ON SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.

THE Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire respecting small-pox and fever hospitals in London is interesting and valuable, and it is more conclusive than may at first appear as regards the controversy it is meant to settle. Upon one point, indeed, it unhappily leaves no doubt. Small-pox is increasing in London. The deaths in the great epidemic of 1871 were more than they were in the great epidemic of 1838. In the former year 2,422 persons died in every million, in the latter year 2,161 died in every million. It is possible, and even probable, that the classification of disease was more thorough and accurate in 1871 than in 1838; but a good many blunders may be allowed, and yet the total of the latter year remain larger than that of the earlier. Between these two dates the rate per million has greatly varied. It was 887 in 1844, and 13 in 1875. In eight several years it has exceeded 500, and in the same number it has been less than 100. It was lowest in the three years 1873-75, these being the years of greatest reaction after the epidemic of 1871. The explanation of this reaction given by the Commissioners is that of the susceptible persons attacked part are destroyed, while those who are left alive are protected from future attacks of the same disease. Of those who are not attacked, many are frightened or driven by the

authorities into greater carefulness in the way of vaccination and otherwise. "Thus the infliction carries with it 'an immunity bearing some proportion to its magnitude 'until its moral and physical consequences are worn out; 'a process which in a moving population like that of 'London begins soon and proceeds rapidly.'" It had seemingly gone far by 1877, when the deaths per million reached 710. From this there was a slight reaction, which brought them down in the years 1879 and 1880 to 121 and 125. Last year they rose to 619. Into the causes to which these periodical increases are to be traced the Commissioners do not enter at length. But they make in passing one very important observation on this head. "We think it," they say, "incumbent upon us to state 'that, in our opinion, the prevalence of the disease in the 'metropolis, of which we have such deplorable evidence, 'is due, far above all other causes, to the neglect of vaccination; that, if the practice of vaccination were general 'and very careful, the liability of the metropolis to serious 'epidemics of small-pox would cease; and that the more 'efficient administration of the law is the only effectual 'means by which the recurrence of such epidemics as those 'of the last twelve years can be prevented, or their progress 'controlled.'" When the inhabitants of London find themselves forced to put up with the presence of small-pox hospitals in their midst, and compelled to pay for them as well as tolerate them, they will do well to remember who it is that has imposed this necessity upon them. The costly privilege of being exposed to this particular infection is largely the result of the preaching of Mr. PETER TAYLOR and the anti-vaccination fanatics. But for their mischievous doctrines the local authorities would have little difficulty in making vaccination universal. It is only when the conscientious objection is started, and the parent declares that he would rather pay a fine or go to prison than have his child contaminated by vaccination, that the number of possible small-pox centres increases. If the spread of the disease is to be prevented, it can only be by making vaccination universal. Radicals are not ordinarily scrupulous about interference with individual liberty, but when the exercise of that liberty propagates small-pox, they suddenly become indifferent, even to the safety of their beloved majority.

A second point upon which the Commissioners have formed an opinion which it is not pleasant to have to accept is the effect of small-pox hospitals on the neighbourhoods in which they are placed. In each epidemic period which the Commissioners have investigated they find "an excessive incidence of small-pox in the neighbourhood of the hospital as compared with that at a 'distance.'" They also find that, comparing epidemic with epidemic, the aggregate incidence varies with the number of cases in the hospital. Further, they find that "the proportion of houses invaded by small-pox decreases 'as they are more distant from the hospital with a regularity strongly suggestive of a natural law.'" And, lastly, they find that, from fortnight to fortnight, the number of cases of small-pox arising in the neighbourhood varies generally with the number of acute cases under treatment in the hospital. This amounts to a pretty complete justification of the opposition offered by the inhabitants of Hampstead and Fulham to having small-pox patients sent to them from distant parts of London. When they alleged that the disease was more virulent in their districts by reason of the presence of the hospitals and of the number of patients contained in them, they were saying no more than the truth. Nor can it be argued that, since wherever a small-pox hospital is opened, the danger of infection will be increased, there is no reason why Hampstead or Fulham should be exempted from this danger any more than Homerton or Stockwell. Some one must suffer, and the well-to-do districts must take their chance with the less-favoured districts. If this were true, there would not be a word to be said against the policy of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. But it is not true. The number of small-pox cases in a neighbourhood varies, as we have seen, with the number of acute cases under treatment in the hospital. Consequently, if a given number of small-pox patients are brought together into one large hospital, the danger to the neighbourhood will be greater than it would be if only the cases arising in the neighbourhood were treated in the hospital. If the Fulham people are allowed to provide for their own small-pox cases apart from any other, they will be appreciably safer against infection than if they are compelled to provide for patients from other parts of London in addition to their own.

The first impression conveyed by the report is that the Commissioners do not attach sufficient weight to this state of things. Here are a number of small-pox patients to be treated in hospital. If a separate hospital is provided for each parish, there will be a certain danger of infection to the neighbourhood. If a single hospital is provided for many parishes, there will be a greater danger of infection to the neighbourhood. When this is admitted, it seems a most natural thing that the parish in which this single hospital is placed should ask not to be saddled with small-pox cases from other parishes. To the danger arising from cases existing within their own borders they have no choice but to submit; but why should they be asked to submit in addition to the danger arising from cases brought into their borders from without? The Commissioners do not enter into this question as fully as into some others. They only say that, if they determine, as has been suggested by some witnesses, that each parish shall bear its own burden, they "necessitate the sudden establishment on occasion of every great epidemic of thirty or forty institutions, in a great measure extemporized, each of which will be extremely expensive, both in construction and management, in proportion to its number of patients, some of which will certainly be ill managed, and all of which, in proportion to their defects or mismanagement, will be effective foci of infection." The objection of expense is not much to the purpose. If cheapness is purchased by making three or four parishes appropriate to themselves a danger which ought to be evenly distributed over all the parishes in London, it is not so much economy as oppression. The faults which are attributed to the proposed parochial hospitals are not inseparable from them. There is no more need that some out of thirty or forty hospitals should be ill managed than there is that one hospital out of four or five should be ill managed. No doubt, if they were placed under the local authority as regards construction and maintenance, there might be reason in this apprehension. But there is nothing to prevent their being maintained by the Metropolitan Asylums Board just as the larger hospitals are. It must be admitted, however, that the hostility of the Commissioners to parochial hospitals is mainly theoretical. As regards the larger number of small-pox patients, they recommend that they shall be sent to some hospital at a distance from London, and that only the severest cases shall be treated in the existing hospitals of the Asylums Board or in any that the Board may hereafter build. They declare themselves anxious to "obviate, as far as the nature of the case admits of it, the great and natural complaint of those who are in the neighbourhood of large small-pox hospitals, that the infection of the rest of London is poured in upon them," and they recommend that London shall be divided into districts small enough to have their wants met by a hospital with thirty or forty beds, and that no hospital should receive patients except from the district in which it is situated. Such a system as this would hardly be distinguishable from a system of well-managed parochial hospitals. The substance of the recommendation seems to be sound enough; it is only its form that is faulty.

#### FRENCH COLONIAL SCHEMES.

IF there were any reason to believe that Parisian newspapers represented anything but the wishes and opinions of their contributors, we should have to conclude that the French were about to try to carry out plans of colonial conquest of a sufficiently grandiose character. The whole continent of Africa and its adjacent islands would soon be occupied to satisfy what are called in journalistic language the legitimate interests of France. A reservation would probably be made for the districts actually in the possession of England; but even with that exception the field for enterprise is sufficiently large. And it is not only the papers which are agitating for a vigorous colonial policy. French Consular and naval agents are briskly founding colonies in apparent confidence that they will be supported by their Government. The Consul in Madagascar and the officer in command of the naval station have begun a little war all to themselves. They have discovered that France is wronged by the Queen of the Hovas, who may or who may not be sovereign of the whole island, and that there is no way of obtaining redress but by a conquest. The papers in Paris are inspired with

a sudden zeal for that interesting people the Sakalaves, of whose very existence they were completely ignorant six months ago. The Sakalaves are grievously oppressed, as it would appear, by the greedy and wicked Hovas, and in common justice France must step in to protect them by a prompt annexation of their country. The measure would, in the opinion of the newspapers at least, combine various advantages—it would liberate an oppressed people and make them a source of wealth to various Frenchmen, and their country a means of extending the interests of France. On the opposite side of Africa, a M. DE BRAZZA, an Italian who is a naturalized French citizen, has just made his adopted country the present of a large territory, on which she is at liberty to lay out as much money as she pleases.

A writer of considerably less wit than many of the French editors who are singing the praises of M. DE BRAZZA might find his feat rather less heroic than ridiculous. The country which he boasts to have annexed by virtue of a treaty with certain black potentates is on the Lower Congo, a region which has been occupied by the factories of nations more successful in colonizing than France, and given up as not being habitable by European settlers with any chance of profit. And the circumstances under which he is said to have performed his little imitation of DUPLEX give it somewhat the air of a fraud. An expedition organized and supported by the King of the BELGIANS has been at work for some time opening the Congo Valley to trade. The director of this humane undertaking is no less a person than the famous Mr. STANLEY, who has been occupied of late in making a road along the river by more gentle methods than the use of explosive bullets, which once commended itself to him as efficient and praiseworthy. Mr. STANLEY has cut a road through the forest from below the rapids to the navigable waters above, and has established friendly relations with the natives. It would appear that M. DE BRAZZA has been engaged in some scheme of exploration subordinate to Mr. STANLEY, and at the expense mainly of the King of the BELGIANS. He is nominally employed by an International Association for developing the trade of Central Africa; but of the funds needed for his expedition only a fifth was found by the French branch, while the remainder came from King LEOPOLD. Under these circumstances, it would seem that, if M. DE BRAZZA thought it necessary to annex at all—which, judging from the character of the Association, was probably directly contrary to his instructions—he should have done it in the interest of the King of the BELGIANS. With the patriotic zeal of a naturalized citizen who is more French than the French themselves, he has availed himself of his position as agent of an international trading Company to endow France with a colony as far as in him lay. If Mr. STANLEY is to be believed, M. DE BRAZZA has not only broken faith with his employers, but has effected a little piece of sharp practice at the expense of the black chiefs of the Lower Congo. The treaty which he has made with them in French, and which he represents as a cession of territory and a recognition of French sovereignty, is, according to Mr. STANLEY, simply a lease for building purposes. This explanation has a great appearance of probability. Our own experience in South Africa shows how easily a negro chief can be made to sell what he thinks is merely a right to pasture, but which is, from the white colonist's point of view, the property of the soil. The various chiefs named by M. DE BRAZZA are said to have been indignantly surprised when it was explained to them that the present of a French flag which they accepted from their white friend was to have the magical effect of making them subjects to a foreign Power. To people who are not blinded by patriotism there is something highly absurd in the spectacle of a sort of commercial traveller conquering territory by persuading savages to sign documents in a language which they do not understand, and drawn up in terms of which no translation could make them realize the meaning or the importance. The editors of French papers, with the want of humour which is compatible with a great deal of wit, may make this an occasion for much eloquence of a more or less Chauvin character; but to the world at large the transaction, if it has been correctly described, has all the air of being a vulgar swindle.

The smartness of M. DE BRAZZA would not be worth much attention if it were not that an agitation seems to have been started in Paris to induce the Government to ratify his so-called treaty. It does not appear to have



occurred to anybody there that the travelling agent of a philanthropic and commercial association cannot make a treaty which can be ratified or rejected. Only an accredited agent of the Government is authorized to do anything of the kind. M. DE BRAZZA had no more right to speak in the name of France to the chiefs of Congo than any wandering yachtsman who might have cruised into those parts. The action of the French Consul and naval commander in Madagascar is more serious. They are unquestionably Government agents, and the nation may feel called upon to support them. It is well, however, not to attribute too much importance to what is happening either in Madagascar or in the Congo country. The action of French officials or of adventurers in search of an official position may have practical results. It is possible that the people of France are really anxious to try to make a great colonial empire, since they have had to renounce the joys of an active foreign policy nearer home. It is also possible that the Government of the Republic may be allowed, by the indifference of the country, to enter on an active policy of aggression on the other side of the Equator. Even if it does, the consequences will not be of much importance to anybody except the French officials who may gain promotion, and the taxpayer who must pay the piper. But it is more probable that all this sudden outburst of imperial ambition and thirst for heroic activity in corners may be due to much less important causes. It only means, in all probability, that the example of M. ROUSTAN is bearing fruit after its kind in the fussy activity of consuls and navy captains tired of ennui in distant ports, and compelled to console themselves by attempting to make a name. The newspaper agitation in Paris is the natural resource of lively journalists conscious of powers able to move the world, and protesting against the unlucky fate which has thrown their lot in the day of little things. France has shown emphatically enough that she intends to remain quiet. After refusing to bestir herself about Egypt, which lay at her door, she is not likely to exert herself seriously to conquer Madagascar, which is on the other side of the world. Newspaper editors will be allowed to thunder about the Hovas and Congo at their leisure. Officials may wax eloquent about the glorious colonial traditions of France, and will be applauded. But as soon as it becomes obvious that vindicating the "legitimate interests" of the country in pestiferous tropical regions, which the electors know and care nothing about, means the despatch of troops, the calling out of the *inscription maritime*, and the outlay of money with no immediate prospect of return, the bubble will probably burst, as a much bigger one did a few weeks ago. Unless the Chambers have been inspired with imperial sentiments within the last month, they will probably remain of the opinion with which they separated—that Tunis is adventure enough for the present generation.

#### THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

IT is with sincere regret that we confess that the United Kingdom Alliance is past a joke. Time was when there seemed no occasion to do anything else than make fun of it. Its aims were so unlikely to be attained that they did not call for any serious handling. Would that this could be said of them still! Would that Sir WILFRID LAWSON were still only the harmless jester that he so long appeared! But when we are solemnly warned that all that is earnest and strenuous in the Liberal party in England and America is more and more becoming associated with the prohibition, and with the regulation as leading up to the prohibition, of the liquor traffic, and when, moreover, appearances of various kinds go far to bear out this warning, the matter becomes serious. We turn to the last annual meeting of the Alliance not for amusement, but for instruction. Hereafter, it seems, the Alliance is to be our master, and those who are to be its slaves in the future may legitimately feel curious as to its character and proceedings in the interval that yet remains before they are made over to its custody.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON began his address with a quite needless act of self-depreciation. He felt humiliated, he said, that he and his friends had as yet accomplished so little. There is much more cause for wonder that they have accomplished so much. The abstaining movement meets us everywhere. We cannot go into the street without recognizing it in the shape of a bit of blue ribbon. It will

soon be impossible to go to church without hearing some reference to it in the sermon, or seeing the notice of some branch meeting or other at the door. At a dinner party the chances are that at least one of the guests has become an abstainer since you last met him, and that you have got out your oldest claret or your driest champagne for a man who drinks nothing but apollinaris. What is called the drink bill is decreasing, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has to meet the very startling fact that for the first time in history rising markets and higher wages have not left their mark upon the Excise. But for this Sir WILFRID LAWSON might say that appearances were delusive, that one or two sober swallows do not make a total abstinence summer, and that, though there may be traces of improvement here and there, they are as nothing to the great mass of drunkenness, which remains wholly unaffected by all the efforts made to reach it. But the diminution in the Excise is a fact that cannot be explained away. Neither beer nor spirits can be had without paying duty on them, and when the duty grows less under conditions which would once have ensured its increase we may be quite sure that it is because a large number of people have given up drinking under circumstances which would once have prompted them to resort to it more freely. This is a very striking testimony to the success of the Alliance; and it is all the more striking because, as Sir WILFRID LAWSON remarks, the Alliance has only lately had the support of all teetotalers. For a long time there were teetotalers who held aloof from the Alliance. Sir WILFRID LAWSON cannot understand how a teetotaler, "believing that abstinence from drink does him "and everybody good, can wish to maintain a system which "tends to prevent other people from being teetotalers." This is not a true description of a system which does not really tend to prevent people who wish to be teetotalers from becoming so; but simply leaves them free to drink or abstain from drinking at their pleasure. But if any one had been present to correct Sir WILFRID LAWSON it would have made no difference. He would dislike a system which leaves men free to drink or not as they choose, quite as much as a system which forces them to drink. Indeed, in his vocabulary, a system which leaves men free to drink is a system which forces them to drink. Where public-houses are concerned, Sir WILFRID LAWSON is a pure necessitarian. The freedom of the will has no meaning for him. A man who passes a public-house and feels a wish to go in is certain to yield to that wish. He is not a free agent. To allow public-houses to remain open is tantamount, therefore, to preventing people from becoming teetotalers. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has no longer any occasion, however, to use this argument. He does not condescend to reason with any but total abstainers, and there are no longer any total abstainers to reason with. They have all come round to his view. The Alliance "has the whole teetotal world "at its back."

The promoters of the total abstinence movement are profoundly impressed with the truth that nought is done while aught remains to do. Its past successes only stimulate its authors to greater and more heroic efforts. If millions of people have ceased to drink intoxicating liquors, that is only an additional reason for trying to prevent the millions who still drink them from drinking them any longer. Unfortunately, the battles of the future are not to be fought on the same lines as those of the past. The total abstainers are weary of the weapon that has done them such yeoman service. They now value persuasion only as a means of swelling the cry for compulsion. Legislation has become such a craze with them that we doubt whether, if they were given the choice between making the whole country sober of its own free choice and making it sober by Act of Parliament, they would not choose the latter. All the various proposals for legislation that have at various times been brought forward are now merged in the demand for local option. It is avowedly only a provisional demand—a demand suited to the hardness of the popular heart, which, though it does not mind subjecting local minorities to the tyranny of local majorities, is not yet prepared to inflict a similar disability on a minority distributed over the whole country. But, provisional as it is, the Alliance is undoubtedly well advised in keeping to it. The country has apparently ceased to be afraid of local option. The House of Commons has passed a resolution in its favour, and three separate Acts of Parliament, one for Scotland, one for Ireland, and one for Wales, have already been passed to give effect to it. What has already been

done in two kingdoms and a Principality is now to be done in the English counties. Last Session we had a Sunday Closing Bill for Cornwall; next Session we are promised, in addition, Sunday Closing Bills for Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cumberland. Sir WILFRID sees in this state of things an opportunity to make another step in advance. Why, he asks, is each county to be put to the trouble and expense of getting an Act of Parliament to put a stop to Sunday drinking within the county boundary? When once it is clear that a county really desires to see its public-houses shut on a Sunday, no further opposition worth mentioning is likely to be offered. The right of so large a district to manage its own affairs is now generally admitted, and all that Parliament asks for is the production of sufficient evidence that what is alleged to be the wish of the county really is so. Hereupon Sir WILFRID LAWSON asks with much pertinence why, when the wishes of the county have been ascertained, it should be necessary to get a separate Act passed for extending to it a principle which has already been accepted in other cases. Why not pass a general Act of Parliament enacting that any county which has declared itself in favour of Sunday closing may at once proceed to put it in force? From the point of view of those who have supported the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Sunday Closing Bills, there is no answer to this question, and if Sir WILFRID LAWSON introduces a Bill of this kind in the coming Session he probably expects to get it passed with no more difficulty than that which is caused by the ordinary press of business. The principle of local option will then have been adopted as regards Sunday closing; and since, if it is legitimate to prevent people from getting drunk on one day in seven, it must be equally legitimate to prevent them from getting drunk on the other six, the complete acceptance of Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S panacea will logically follow.

This is the point to which the weakness of public men has brought the question. If all the politicians who have voted for local option could be placed in the chair of truth and there asked whether they really wish to see the public-houses compulsorily closed, either on Sundays or week-days, we do not believe that a tenth part of them would own to any such desire. But because local option is a convenient and fair-sounding phrase—a phrase which disguises the substantial tyranny which underlies every proposal to make A a total abstainer by force because B and C are total abstainers by choice—they have one and all consented to support it. It is unfortunate that what is essentially a movement against personal freedom should have contrived to invest itself with such respectable associations; but as it is a movement against personal freedom all the same, those who recognize it under its disguise have no alternative but to oppose it as persistently as they can.

#### SWISS WINTER STATIONS.

FROM the time of St. Bernard to that of Napoleon the most popular route for all dwellers in Northern Europe who were bound for Rome has been by the Lake of Geneva and up the Valley of the Rhône. Probably, of the many thousands who have gone this way, St. Bernard was the only one who passed the Lake and its magnificent scenery without noticing it. He had been so absorbed in his religious reflections, that it was not till he had passed the Lake that he asked where it was. In the middle ages the road was seldom free from pilgrims from the cold Northern lands, going to seek pardon or peace at the shrine of St. Peter. In our own times it has become a favourite halting-place for those pilgrims whom the dread of a Northern winter turns out for a six months' wandering. The northern shore of the Lake forms a sort of intermediate ground between the south coast of England and the Riviera. It has many advantages to offer. As it stands high above the sea-level, the air is pure and invigorating, and, at the same time, the cold is never great, for a screen of mountains to the North shields it from wind, while the Southern exposure insures it the full benefit of all the sunshine that is going. It now stands among the favourite winter stations of Europe. From Lausanne to Villeneuve there is one continuous succession of villas, hotels, and pensions prepared for the reception of strangers. Lausanne itself is not now much in favour, though it is a clean, airy town, standing high on the slopes of the Jorat, a smaller chain of mountains running at right angles from the Alps. The Cathedral is one of the best Gothic churches in Switzerland; and there are museums and an Academy, and many educational advantages in the town. But the height of its site makes it a cold place; and Ouchy, its port on the shore of the Lake, though not nearly so healthy, is more frequented. For a winter stay some of the places further west are better, and of them all Montreux is certainly the pleasantest.

A powerful inducement which draws strangers to Montreux is the grape cure, which begins in the middle of September and lasts till the middle of October. Nowhere is the vintage more completely robbed of all the poetry usually associated with the gathering of the grapes than here. From beginning to end the grape culture has a precise business-like aspect, that bears the stamp of the Swiss national spirit. The vines stand stiff and straight in rows in the fields, each tied to its several stick, and never exceeding a height of two or at most three feet. No vagrant tendrils fling themselves about in reckless profusion; all such attempts at graceful extravagance are nipped in the bud; and the vineyard is reduced to a dead level of commonplace monotony unequalled by the ordinary market-garden. Here, too, are wanting those rich tints of colour of the purple grapes which have supplied metaphors to the poets of all climes and ages, for the grapes are white, and, when crushed, form a liquid mass of whitey-green colour and most repulsive appearance. When the grapes are ripe whole families turn out to gather them, a work to which all other labour must give way for the time being. As they are plucked the bunches are chucked into the long, flat, narrow, funnel-like *hottes*, looking like baskets, but really made of wood, one of which each gatherer bears on his back. In these the grapes are pounded and smashed with a wooden dasher, and the sickening squash thus produced is emptied into barrels placed on wheels and dragged at once to the wine presses. These are still of a simple and primitive sort, some of them centuries old. The wine is hardly worth drinking when it is made, being little better than weak cider. The vine of Yvorne, a village lying in the entrance to the valley of the Rhône, is the most esteemed in the district. The vines which yield it grow on the slope of a landslip.

In spite of the careful culture which the Swiss bestow upon their vines, there is something either in the soil or climate, or perhaps both, which prevents the grape here from attaining the fine flavour found in more favoured lands. Even the *Johannisberg* vines which have been introduced at Sion have degenerated since their translation, and no one would detect from its taste that the wine which they yield had the remotest connexion with the Rhineland. The most stringent regulations are enforced to prevent the introduction of the phylloxera. Not a twig of growing green stuff is allowed to cross the French frontier. We have seen the bearer of a rose-bush on board one of the Lake steamers obliged, before she could carry it ashore, to produce a written pass to certify that, though the steamer had come from the French side of the Lake, the plant had not, but had only been taken on board at one of the Swiss stations.

When the grape cure first came into fashion, it was esteemed one of the conditions to its success that the patient should eat very little else. As now practised by its votaries at Montreux, it consists in consuming large quantities of grapes in addition to an extraordinary consumption of victuals and drink of every other sort. Montreux and other stations on the Geneva Lake are in the winter as wholly given over to Germans as some of the towns on the Mediterranean are to the English. The reason for this preference is threefold. First, living here is a great deal cheaper than on the Riviera; secondly, it is much nearer their own country; and, most important of all, they are free from the necessity of living on French territory. For so strong is the national prejudice that Germans eschew Cannes and Nice; and, if they must go further south, choose Monte Carlo or Bordighera. In the hotels, in the shops, on the steamer, in the streets, wherever you see a knot of people talking, German is the language you hear; while from the legion of pensions with which the shore of the Lake is studded in a continuous string from Vevey to Montreux, issue bands of inmates whose queerly-cut features, and still queerer raiment, betray their Germanic origin, even before they open their mouths. These pensions are notorious as hotbeds of gossip and petty squabbles, and are therefore shunned by all who have a decided distaste for such minor excitements of life. At Montreux there are two good hotels. One standing low, close to the shore of the Lake, is chiefly frequented by English winterers abroad, who tarry here for a few weeks in spring and autumn on their way to or from the Riviera. Here, as at most of the pensions, much petty gaiety is perpetrated; almost every evening there is a performance of some sort got up for the entertainment of the inmates. This dissipation assumes the various forms of brass bands, or fireworks, or a little mild dancing. The other hotel, though smaller, stands at a considerable height above the Lake, and has therefore a much finer view and a more bracing air. Here there is generally a motley company of guests, composed of representatives of almost every European nation. Germans of course predominate, but they are mostly Germans who have been settled so long in other countries that they have had their unpleasant peculiarities rubbed off them. Half a lifetime spent in North or South America has given a cosmopolitan tinge to their manners and ideas. But the Fatherland has its representatives, too. There is a genial Hamburger of great breadth and jollity, who is domineered over by a little peevish wife, and is evidently anxious to be on good terms with every one, if she would only let him. Opposite him sits a very ancient and decrepit Holsteiner, who is helped in daily and dropped into his chair by a much bullied attendant, and in a shrill voice between fits of coughing lays down the law to the whole table. He is listened to deferentially, as he is known to be a "Gutsbesitzer" of great wealth, and has attained the much-coveted dignity of "Kammerherr." Rich as he is, he carries the national virtue of frugality to excess, and, finding the hotel prices too much for him, has taken cheap lodgings in a



newly-built villa, the dampness of which will probably kill him before the winter is over. There is a voluble American lady, who gives whoever sits next her at dinner a summary of her life, including many romantic love affairs, between the courses. Russians of different grades, among whom is a prince, who is supposed to be the governor of several provinces, two or three Roumanians, and one or two stray English make up the rest of the party.

The terrace of the hotel commands one of the finest views on the Lake. The bold outlines of the mountains on the opposite shore seem to change their forms with every hour of the day and every varying mood of the weather, and above the jagged line of peaks that closes in the Rhône Valley towers the snowy summit of the Dent du Midi, flashing flame-colour at sunset in the light of the after-glow. A long line of poplars stretches across the eastern end of the Lake, standing like sentries to bar the entrance to the great valley through which lies the way to Italy; while close at hand, on the edge of the watery mirror, rise the white walls and mossy roofs of the fortress to which Byron's lines have given a world-wide celebrity. From this point of view the aspect of Chillon is anything but imposing. Indeed a stranger, supposing he had never seen any of the thousand and one representations of this very popular subject for the artist's pencil might easily be excused for mistaking it for a mouldy old mill. Oddly enough, the French Revolution, which destroyed so many similar monuments of feudal tyranny, saved Chillon from sinking to that humble position. The Bernese bailies placed in charge of the district complained so bitterly of the dullness of Chillon that they had been allowed to remove to Vevay, and the degradation of the fortress into a mill and wine vaults had been decreed when the Revolution broke out. The Vaudois seized their opportunity and fraternized with the French in order to shake off the yoke of the Bernese. The fall of Berne saved Chillon. When Napoleon passed through Switzerland on his way to Italy and Marengo, he emptied the treasure-chest of Berne; but he brought liberty to the Vaudois, and in 1798 their country was acknowledged as an independent canton. Since 1536 Berne had held it, and during that time the Vaudois peasants had been kept tight under the stern rule of that canton, and had at the same time to submit to the exactions of the feudal barons who were constantly trying to extend their real or fancied seigniorial rights. Châtelard was the château whose barons claimed the supremacy over Montreux. The baron and his dependents were never at peace for six months together, and there were continual lawsuits between them, owing to the ingenious claims which he was constantly bringing forward as a pretext for extorting money. One of the most vexatious of these was the interference with the practice of taking sand and gravel from the bed of the river. From time immemorial the right of any inhabitant who was building a house or a wall to get his materials in this way had never been questioned, and this clearing out of the river was a work that was of public utility, as it helped to prevent floods. When, therefore, the barons set up a claim to payment for it, it was considered as a very great grievance. A clamour was raised, and an appeal made to Berne, but till the cause was decided some of the inhabitants went on exercising their old privilege. The baroness was playing cards when she heard of it, and sent an order written on the back of a six of hearts to put a stop to it. This singular document is still preserved in the archives of the commune. What with *corvées* and taxes, dues for the right of habitation, and dues on any property he might acquire, it was a wonder how the poor man contrived to live at all. Even the lands held nominally for common pasturage were of little use to him who had little or no live stock, while the rich proprietors managed to rear vast herds at the expense of the commune.

On entering the dungeon of Chillon Castle one is agreeably surprised to find it very much lighter and more airy than one expected; indeed in these respects it would compare favourably with the basement story of most London houses. The stone vaulted roof is supported on pillars, so that the whole effect is very much like the crypt of a church; and, though the Lake does come half-way up the walls, they are so thick that they quite keep the damp out. The real facts connected with the history of Bonivard, whose fame has so completely eclipsed that of all other tenants of the prison that he is known as the Prisoner of Chillon, have no resemblance to the story of Byron's poem. Looking at the story impartially, one cannot deny that the Duke of Savoy had a show of right on his side, nor wonder that Bonivard found himself in prison if he was foolish enough to let himself be caught. Born and bred in Savoy, and connected by the ties of blood and friendship with the oppressors of Geneva, it is difficult to understand why he should have thrown himself heart and soul into its struggle for independence, set himself up as the champion, and suffered so long as the martyr, of the cause.

#### PEACEMAKERS AT BRUSSELS.

AS a general principle, nobody is likely to contest the excellence of the dictum "Blessed are the peacemakers." In the abstract, nobody likes war. It adds pennies to the Income-tax, it puts families into mourning, and it gives occasion to what he himself calls the "lurid brilliancy" of the Special War Correspondent. The Special War Correspondent may have been thought to be sent down from Heaven, or up from another place, for the express purpose of securing a dislike to war in breasts which

might otherwise have been well inclined to it. So long as disolute poets-laureate persist in writing anapests which please the soul well about the last fight of the *Revenge* and the banner of England that flew over the Lucknow roofs, the worst is possible. But things are different when the Special Correspondent talks about "the fearful blue of the marines"—who happen, by the way, to wear scarlet. We do not know whether all Special Correspondents are honorary members of the Peace Society; but they certainly ought to be. However, these are what may be called side aspects of the question. When the plain man dismisses them from his mental purview, and looks at the matter practically, he may perhaps feel inclined, not, indeed, to doubt the excellences of peace, but to admit the occasional necessity of war. It is good for the lion to lie down with the lamb, but the witticism to which this attitude has given occasion is unfortunately too well known. In order to prevent its being practically illustrated, there must be somewhere a *force majeure* which manages so to settle differences that the lion and the lamb may continue to lead an uninclusive existence. If this *force majeure* has to exert itself, something which only Mr. Gladstone can distinguish from war must after all result. The International Peace Conference is all for arbitration. But the plain man—offensive after his kind—is apt to ask what is to happen if nations begin to act like workmen, and bluntly refuse to abide by the decision of the arbitrators? Very thoroughgoing theorists have, we believe, advocated the formation of a European gendarmerie to keep the peace. The methods by which that gendarmerie will have to keep it will assuredly sometimes go very near to resemble war.

In some senses the peacemakers at Brussels are certainly blessed. The capital of Belgium is apt to be regarded as a sort of Cockney Paris, which is unjust. The peacemakers can ramble about a city than which not many European capitals preserve a more agreeable mixture of old and new. They can dine, despite the sneers of Thackeray's "Lord L—," very well indeed in the *Galérie St.-Hubert*. They can drive in the Bois de la Cambre; they can make excursions by railway to a greater number of beautiful and interesting places than lie within an equal distance of almost any other capital. These are the real joys of congresses, whatever the ostensible reason may be which makes them congress. There must be a certain relish, too, in holding a Peace Congress in the centre of the cockpit of Europe, which is pretty certain to become the cockpit of Europe again at the next European war. All manner of subsidiary delights combine to tickle the souls of the peacemakers. The present King of Belgium is a monarch so rich, so peaceable, and so virtuous that he spends his superfluous money in subsidizing expeditions into Equatorial Africa. Belgium herself has for some fifty years and more maintained a most respectable attitude of peacefulness, and the mere accident that she has created perhaps the strongest fortress in Europe to occupy her leisure need not be taken into account. The whole country is full of what are called the triumphs of peace, and to the historical palate there is a peculiar relish in remembering that these neat Low Country cities, with their occasional barracks of inoffensive-looking soldiery, have been marched into and marched out of again oftener than any towns in Europe by the dogs of war. All this is very satisfactory, and the peace-making humourist (if one can conceive such an unusual person) must enjoy it very keenly. It must give an excessive zest to his meetings to recall the fact that this model country owes its existence to war, and, on his own principles, to a very gratuitous war. Nobody oppressed Belgium when she was a part of the kingdom of the Netherlands; her material interests were—difference of times excepted—as well looked after as they are now. But nevertheless there was a war, and the flourishing independence of Belgium owes its origin to the energy with which the superfluous soldiers of a neighbouring Power, whose army was spoiling for a fight, pitched bombshells into Antwerp till General Chassé's equal courage, but unequal strength, could bear it no longer. No arbitration would have made Belgium—we need look no further than Metternich's *Memoirs* to determine that. But guns and bayonets and sabres (all damnable weapons from the point of view of the peacemaker) did it. The peacemaker sits to-day under an olive that was watered with plenty of blood, and calls the attention of the passer-by to the remarkable flourishing of the tree.

It is rather melancholy to find that the celebrities who have attended this Congress, held in so well-fitting a place, were what Americans would have called some years ago (for the rapid vocabulary of the States has, we believe, somewhat outgrown the expression) rather one-horse celebrities. An amiable writer in the *Times* does, indeed, remark that the rolls of the International Association for the Substitution of Arbitration for War "include men conspicuous for their attainments in almost every branch of human progress." As a proof of this, he mentions among the English members the Duke of Westminster and Sir George Campbell; and as the contribution of Russia he specifies "Prince Trobetskoi and three Professors." We know so little about Prince Trobetskoi and the three Professors (which reads rather like a stage direction, or the title of an old or new *Arabian Night*) that we can give no opinion of the fitness of the description in their case. If it had been said that the members of the Association thought themselves conspicuous for their attainments, &c., the mention of Sir George Campbell's name would have been intelligible. But why the Duke of Westminster—a most amiable, modest, and wealthy nobleman, who has won two Derbys—should be introduced with this pompous flourish we really cannot say. Sir John

Lubbock, Lord Shaftesbury, M. de Lesseps, and one or two others of the cited members come a little nearer to the rather lofty standard which the *Times* Correspondent has set up, but we doubt whether any one of them would pretend to reach it, except perhaps M. de Lesseps. The worst of it is, however, that, of all these celebrated members, scarcely one seems to have thought it worth his while to drop in at Brussels with his attainments. The Bishop of Exeter sent an excuse, so did Dr. Virchow. Don Arturo de Marcoartu, who may possibly think that the abolition of war would make Spain a Great Power, seems to have been there. But though Don Arturo's recent labours at the Social Science Congress have made his respectable name known in England, we are not quite prepared to accept him as conspicuous for attainments and achievements in almost every branch of human progress. We do not even know or think that he has won a Derby. The real lion of the occasion seems to have been Père Hyacinthe, whom perhaps it were better to call M. Loyson. M. Loyson is an eloquent man and an honest one, and we may rejoice that he has escaped from contradictions of *vicaires* and other sinners to the serene atmosphere of a Brussels conference. He has had the misfortune to be sadly travestied by a reporter in the *Standard*. We have seen no copy of his speech in the original, but we feel nearly certain that he did not say anything so absurd as that "Europe was at present a cutthroat." He probably said that it was a "Guet-apens," or something of the sort. If it be otherwise, we make our apologies to the reporter of the *Standard*, and withdraw our compliments from M. Loyson. But he seems to have said some sensible things with others which were not sensible. That "Republicanism is no panacea for war" is a truth which it requires some courage for a supporter of the present state of things in France to announce. We have but a vague idea what "the gravitation of the social world in its double and harmonious law of attraction and repulsion" may mean, but it seems to be a very fair description of the settlement of differences by fisticuffs. The law of attraction brings two persons who have a cause of quarrel into contact; the law of repulsion causes the weaker to recoil; and the law of gravitation "sends him to grass" in the beautiful language of the ring. This is really a luminous account of the matter, and only requires to be supplemented by the mention of the law of picking-one-self-up-again, which is happily also of general, if not of universal, application. But we are not sure that it is altogether consistent with the principles of the International Association.

An International Association, however, which depends upon Don Arturo de Marcoartu, and even upon M. Loyson, must be said to recall that picturesque Nova Scotian phrase, "Small potatoes and few in a hill." It is indeed not surprising that it should be so. It would require a man to be as dull as Mr. Richard or as harebrained as Sir Wilfrid Lawson (both of whom seem to have been absent) in order to help seeing that this is a very awkward moment for a Peace Conference. There is literally nothing for such a Conference to do but to rend its garments, to sit upon the ground, and to tell sad stories of the defection of Mr. Gladstone. Never was there such an instance of a Lost Leader. But three short months ago, or let us say four, the Peace Conference would have strained its ears to their utmost strength to catch the clear accents (we have some doubt about the adjective's applicability) of the magnanimous hero of the Transvaal. There is nothing for it now, as regards the Prime Minister of England, but "*Quantum mutatus!*" It is true that Mr. Gladstone is still convinced that there has been no war in Egypt, but an International Conference can hardly be expected to provide itself with a complete equipment of Gladstonian spectacles. Nor is there any comfort for it elsewhere. If France did not fight, it was but too obviously not from any fervid belief in the doctrines of the Association. "The man of blood," as, if the Association spoke Puritan language, it would probably call Prince Bismarck, is not a cheerful subject of reflection, nor the armaments under which Italy groans, nor the weaponed millions of Austria and Russia. Since the invention of arbitration, but one nation of the first rank has tried it, with the agreeable result of being, as is now patent to all the world, egregiously cheated in the awards. So there is nothing for a Peace Association to do but to talk sounding platitudes like M. Loyson, or to remark convincingly that armies are very expensive, like Mr. Hodgson Pratt. And, all the while, every man of any brains who happens to find himself there knows that to fight is nearly as natural to man as to eat, and that the best way of securing a cessation of the formal brutal practice would be to persuade mankind to drop the latter, which is, indeed, also in a way brutal. Many—perhaps most—Congresses have imagined vain things; but the Peace Congress or Conference may with modest confidence challenge a pre-eminence in vanity.

#### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE questions which agitate the reading world are very different from those which arise in the circles from which the reading world is supplied with books. The literary clubs—there are, it seems, two or three in London—discuss continually the present "strained relations" between authors and publishers. People who only read, and do not write, care nothing one way or other, except that books should be cheap. Discontent on the part of authors has, however, been growing for some years. True, authors never were quite content with publishers; but as there

never were so many people of either class in the world before, the modern feeling makes itself better known. At a literary dinner the health of Napoleon, who shot a publisher, is a standing toast. Legends are repeated as to the existence of a precious edition of the Bible in which the misprint occurs "publishers and sinners." The poorest joke is well received if it is against one of these unhappy tradesmen, and many old stories which used to have an attorney for their hero are now transferred to publishers, attorneys having been abolished by Act of Parliament. A far larger number of people than of old, and of a far greater variety of ranks, from our gracious Sovereign downwards, engage in literary work, and it would be difficult to assemble twenty men or women of ordinary culture without finding an author or two among them. And, as unsuccessful artists have been said to turn critics, so unsuccessful authors have a ready way of revenge upon society by turning publishers. In fact, there are said to be among the ranks unsuccessful clergymen, doctors, poets, officers, and members of various other learned and unlearned professions. In social rank the publisher undoubtedly stands higher now than he has ever stood before. In fact, one of the complaints which express the discontent of the haughty authors is that publishers are often preferred before them, and always rank at least as their equals. There is something to be said, even from the most moderate point of view, as to this grievance, if it deserves the name. A majority of the publishers are men who make money by getting the most favourable terms for themselves from clients absolutely ignorant of business. Taken as a whole, authors are not good at managing their own affairs. They expect too much, and take too little. They are completely in the hands of the publisher, who, on his part, is tempted to take the utmost advantage possible of his superior knowledge of the state of trade. There are, of course, conspicuous exceptions. But the author who grumbles at having to meet as his equal the man whom he looks upon as an avaricious, grasping, and unscrupulous tradesman has some ground for his disgust. "Either," he says, "let my publisher be my publisher and nothing more, a man whose accounts I must look into as I look into my tailor's or my plumber's, or let him be a gentleman, who treats me in matters relating to our respective professions in a gentlemanly way, neither taking advantage of my ignorance, nor allowing me to put him to any risk of losing by me." Such are the reflections of the modern author, and but too often they seem to be just. The publisher, he says, would like to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and the author thinks he should select the company he prefers and keep to it. All he really wants is a competent "reader" to pronounce on his work, and an enterprising bookseller to distribute it to the public.

Short correspondences on the subject break out at intervals in the newspapers. Some long-suffering worm of a literary man turns. He writes to air his grievances at the bar of public opinion. Two or three letters ensue, and the author is invariably and signally defeated, owing to his ignorance of trade and its details. Within the past few days a publisher wrote to a contemporary pointing out that authors who think themselves defrauded should insist on receiving half profits; and an author who, in reply, showed what half profits meant in his case was speedily silenced by being told he knew nothing about it. He did not, and could not, therefore, prolong the discussion. When a publisher begins to write about percentages and drawbacks, and exchanges and so forth, the author is at his mercy; and the correspondence ceases with a triumph for the publisher, who leaves off with quiet satisfaction, saying that of course, between gentlemen, the charges of fraud that are so often vaguely made need not be examined. It is precisely here that in his dual position as at once fine gentleman and mere tradesman the publisher is victorious. You cannot make a charge of pettifoggery against a man at whose table you dine, who gives you '42 port, and as often as not has a duke or a bishop to meet you. Yet authors do grumble and do make ugly charges.

It may be worth while to hear what the authors have to say. Without expressing the slightest sympathy with one side or other in the controversy, we may endeavour to set down what may be heard any day at a literary club. To every charge the publisher makes the same unanswerable reply. "You are utterly ignorant of the subject, and, moreover, in making these charges you are not showing that confidence in my honour which one gentleman expects from another." Yet this complete reply does not prevent authors from talking. They, in the first place, combat the publisher's offer of half profits. What, they ask, do half profits mean? They mean that, granting the absolute honour and honesty of everybody concerned, the man who does all the work is to get only half what he has earned, and that the other half goes to a man who has done nothing but put his name on the title-page. But, the publisher probably replies, he has all the financial risk; and this is true, only that, as any given author probably replies, the publisher has always known there is no risk whatever in his case, and, moreover, the few pounds advanced for paper and printing and binding and advertising are a first charge on the profits, and are paid before anything is divided. But the author goes further. He does not hesitate to assert, of course without a particle of proof, that in these very items—print, paper, and binding—the publisher has a profit if he prints for himself, which is often the case, and a percentage if his printing is done by commission. To this charge the publisher replies by referring to his books, and the old "confidence" assertion. The author is helpless. He makes, perhaps, a better point when he comes to the charges for advertising. Here, he says, the publisher, by a system of exchanges with other



publishers, has nothing in reality to pay, except a small sum to certain newspapers, and the difference can be pocketed. To this charge, again, the publisher has the complete reply ready, that he has no exchanges, and again the author is put to silence, for the simple reason that he is ignorant of the proper term of the trade. He probably falls back on a series of anecdotes, to which, as they relate to other publishers, the typical publisher may be supposed to listen with "a malignant and facetious" expression. He is told how Mr. Ruskin refuses to employ London publishers, and has all his books sold through the hands of a small stationer in a remote Kentish village. He is informed that our most voluminous novelists are their own agents. He is reminded of the late Mr. Gould, who published his own books, and is said to have found it pay. He hears the anecdote of the lady of rank who sold a shilling pamphlet without the intervention of any publisher, and handed 73*l.* 6*s.*—these anecdotes are always very precise—to an infirmity. There is the story of the scientific man who was offered 100*l.* to write a book on the gamut or the solar plexus—it is no matter which—and who, preferring half profits, waited till the seventh edition before he asked for them, and then was glad to compound by a payment of 30*l.* Or there is the poet who prudently contracted with the printer and binder himself, and received their estimate, and who, being afterwards induced to trust a publisher, found that the charges when they had passed through his hands were exactly doubled. Or there is the great traveller who received nothing for his first book of travels even after they had reached the third edition in six months, and who yet was able to obtain through a businesslike friend 1,000*l.* for the mere offer of his second book. In short, the publisher, if he cares to listen to all the charges which a well-informed gossip can bring against the trade in general, should know the rocks to avoid in his own dealings with the ungrateful, ignorant, unbusinesslike, greedy race of authors.

Undoubtedly the present position of literary affairs is in this respect uncomfortable, to say the least. There is no doubt that, if a strike were possible, literary men would turn out almost *en masse*. The few authors who contrive to make money protest openly that they do it in spite of their publishers. Those publishers who have a good reputation are overwhelmed with offers of manuscript. There must be some reason for the universal expression of distrust on the part of the authors. Without for a moment allowing the justice of all they say, it is possible to see that in some respects the present publishing system might be modified so as to remove, on the one hand, the grievance of the author, and, on the other, the slur commonly cast upon an honourable profession. The first publisher, for instance, who takes books on commission and makes them pay the author will do good service to his fellows. The half-profit system is essentially vicious. It offers a temptation, which it is to be feared overcomes the scruples of some publishers, to make money by percentages and in other ways. It is impossible either to substantiate or refute charges made on this account. The whole thing should be reduced, as far as possible, to its simplest elements. If you have anything to sell—a picture, a statue, a library, perhaps—you go to one of the great firms of auctioneers, and you pay twelve and a half per cent. on the proceeds of the sale. The auctioneer composes, writes, prints, and distributes the catalogue. The article or articles are sold, you receive your money, and the auctioneer grows rich on a profit which scarcely any publisher in London would think worth taking. It is a mistake to suppose that there is great risk in the business. On the contrary, it is probable that nine out of ten books pay their expenses—not, that is, such expenses as a heavy percentage to the publisher—but the ordinary simple cost of ink and paper, and the process of covering. A publisher says a book does not pay if he does not get a certain—and in most cases, it seems, a very large—return for his outlay. In most trades ten per cent. without risk is a magnificent return. We by no means wish to assert that whenever an author finds a balance against his book his publisher must be cheating him; but we may assert that by proper management a balance against any but the very worst books should be an impossibility, and the office of the publisher should be to see that the other conditions should be modified so as to make a book pay its expenses. Though the author may not have the slightest ground for suspicions as to the publisher's honesty, an unsuccessful book is a discredit, not to the author, but to the publisher. If he cannot sell a book, for what does he exist? An ordinary bookseller would be much better. A publisher, in short, ought not to publish a book which will not pay. In a recent case an eminent publisher, being asked to take a sum from an author to publish a book, replied, that he felt sure it would be unsuccessful, and that he preferred to pay authors, not to receive money from them.

#### WANTED—SOME GHOSTS.

A "SOCIETY for Psychical Research" has recently been founded under the presidency of Mr. Henry Sidgwick. The object of the Society, as the Secretaries inform the world, is: "to get hold of as much first-hand evidence as possible bearing on such real or supposed phenomena as thought-reading, clairvoyance, pre-sentiments, and dreams, noted at the time of the occurrence and afterwards confirmed, unexplained disturbances in places supposed to be haunted, apparitions at the moment of death or otherwise, and of other abnormal events." Information of this kind will be

welcomed by the Society, and, we may add, that the Folklore Society will also be delighted to receive any accounts of genuine apparitions. Authentic narratives will indeed "render a real aid to the progress of knowledge in a direction where such aid is much needed." The Folklore Society is engaged in the laborious business of classifying popular tales, and the efforts of the two Societies might work together, we venture to think, and contribute matter of much value to the science of mythology. The Society for Psychical Research approaches these topics, it is true, in another spirit, and is anxious to investigate the evidence for the actual existence of ghosts and goblins. The Folklore Society, on the other hand, is merely concerned with the coincident operations of popular fancy. The type of ghost stories is very persistent; the same legend constantly recurs with new actors, scenes, and properties, and it is desirable to trace the myths to their most distant accessible source.

In the service of both classes of investigators, "those about" Mr. Henry Sidgwick and those who rally round Mr. Ralston and Mr. Tylor, we propose to tell a few ghost stories, and add a little to the common treasure of fairy gold. We observe, with some regret, that the Society for Psychical Research does not seem to devote any particular attention to anecdotes about the appearance of the Devil. Yet few, if any, apparitions are more frequently recorded, both on legal evidence taken in courts of justice and on the report of alarmed sinners. The latest case which has come within our knowledge is the appearance of an old man, "whom I verily believe to have been the Devil," to Mr. Louis Stevenson. The thrilling narrative will be found (at first hand) in Mr. Stevenson's account of his cruise in the *Cigarette* (*An Inland Voyage*). And here we are confronted with a difficulty in the matter of evidence. Does the Society for Psychical Research admit testimony, at first hand, consigned to writing by trustworthy persons now dead? If they do, then Luther's recital of his interview with the Devil (if admitted as authentic) is of the very greatest value. It may be urged, on the opposite side, that Luther merely fancied he saw the Devil. But the same argument will apply with fatal force to the first-hand spiritual experiences of most living people. Luther was quite as strong-minded as the majority of us; and the fathers of Scottish Dissent, who frequently saw the Devil, were persons deservedly trusted by their acquaintances and disciples. A very moving record of a diabolical apparition was published in Paris in 1623. On the first day of that year (a Sunday) the Devil appeared to Jean Helias, the servant of a gentleman living in the Faubourg St. Germain. Helias, previously a Protestant, was on the point of being converted to the Catholic religion. While his master (who tells the story as the lacquey told it to him) was at church, the Devil appeared twice to Jean Helias. The Prince of Darkness "had the face and form of a tall black man, he was wrinkled, and did not wear his beard. His teeth were crooked, like the tusks of a wild boar; his nose was long, pointed, and curved like a beak; his nails were enormous." This agreeable visitor attempted to bribe Helias to remain a Huguenot, but without success. The narrative appears to us to have a double interest. First, it is a well-authenticated story of the appearance of the Devil, or, at least, it is as well authenticated as a marvellous narrative from Australia, printed in the Report of the S. P. R. Secondly, the tale has a psychological value. The early converts to Christianity were notoriously subject to visions like that of Helias, and—which is strange—the Zulu converts in Natal profess to have similar experiences. "It happened," says Usetemba Dhladhla, "when I was being instructed for baptism, that I habitually prayed in all places in secret. But once when I was praying I saw a venomous beast coming to me . . . I started up, and left off praying. This happened twice, but on the third time I strengthened myself till I had finished my prayer. And I saw nothing when I had finished it. But I had already heard from believers that when a man prayed alone venomous creatures came to him, urged on by Satan." Umpengula Mbanda was, when a catechumen, troubled by threatening apparitions of a man (whether black or not he does not say), as was Jean Helias. Now here are facts of considerable interest. The Folklore Society will regard them as matters of comparative mythology. The Society for Psychical Research will put what interpretation on them it pleases. Jean Helias may not count for much—we like not Bardolph's security—but Mbanda and St. Hilarion, Dhladhla and St. Antony, are very fair witnesses. As to the *Vision prodigieuse d'un Aigle épouvantable* which appeared at Pontorson, on July 25, 1622, we cannot but hold that this eagle was also the Devil. The vision, witnessed at 9.30 in the morning, was accompanied by a great roaring voice, which so astonished one Sanson Burgis that he fainted on the spot. But notable persons, to the number of seventeen hundred and sixty-six, did not faint, but took down the remarks of the eagle. These were of a melancholy and discouraging nature, and we refer the curious to the tract on the subject printed at Rennes in 1622. The fearful visions beheld near Lusignan at Poitou on July 22, 1620, are also very moving. By the way, both the F. L. S. and the S. P. R. will be interested in the spectre of *La Grande Bête*, a flying and formless horror of the night, which is a notable figure in French folklore. Mr. Charles Alston Collins and his companion enjoyed a good view of *La Grande Bête*, which is described in *A Cruise upon Wheels*. Their evidence is an "undesigned coincidence," as we believe they had never heard of the French popular belief in this curious animal. As to the spectral procession beheld at Belac in La Marche in 1621, it is vouched for by Jacques Rondeau, tanner in Mont-

morillon, by Pierre Ribonneau, curé of Iagré, and by Mathurin Cognac, wood-merchant, residing in Chauvigné. We have, therefore, no hesitation in believing that a procession of ghosts, dressed in mourning, crossed the open plain near Belac, within the sight of three respectable citizens, one of them in holy orders. Whether the "horrible et très épouvantable Demon" who perched on the Cathedral of Quimpercorentin, in Brittany, on February 1, 1620, was or was not the Devil we cannot undertake to determine. The holy relics were brought out of the church, and the canons (in the absence of the bishop) did their best to conjure the demon away. Holy water, too, was mixed with milk from the breast of a lady of pious life, and thrown on the fire which seemed to radiate from the apparition; and this did appear to annoy him, for he went at half-past six in the evening, after doing damage reckoned at twelve thousand crowns, on a moderate estimate. Three or four persons were wounded, but no lives were lost. If any sceptic doubts this anecdote, we refer him to the tract *La Vision Publique* (Paris: Abraham Saugrin, en l'Isle du Palais. Jouxte la copie imprimée à Rennes par Jean Durand. 1620).

Haunted houses interest both the scientific bodies in whose cause we write, and a pretty good example of haunting occurred at La Rochette, in Savoy, in 1613. A girl named Hélène Nicolier had died in a somewhat curious way, and was buried in a periwinkle bed in her sister's garden. About the end of April 1613 the sister, Barbe, was working in her garden (planting artichokes, not to put too fine a point upon it), when she was struck by a stone about the size of a nut. From that moment stones were flying mysteriously all through the house. The men of the family sought the malefactors sword in hand, but found no one; and, as soon as they had ended these psychological researches, the noises began again. Some one publishes in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October a very similar story, called "No Fiction," the scene being laid in the North of England. Stones were thrown on the dining-table while all the company in the house were at supper, and the only thing that seemed to daunt the spirit was the presence of a Huguenot, who chanced to be a captain in the army. The more people prayed and uttered holy ejaculations, the more vivaciously were they pelted with stones. In the long run, Father Jean Bernard, a preaching friar, said he believed the soul of Hélène was at the bottom of the disturbances. To make a long story short, Hélène's corpse was removed from the periwinkle bed (a fit sepulchre for J. J. Rousseau) and laid in holy ground. But even then the pelting went on, till some bones of Hélène's, which had been neglected, were buried in the proper place. We believe that her sister, Barbe, who had always wished Hélène to receive Christian burial, was the person who managed the stone-throwing. But psychological researchers may read the tract for themselves (*Histoire miraculeuse*, &c., Paris, 1613). The adventure of the Bride of Corinth happened, in a very horrible way, to a young gentleman in Paris, January 1, 1613 (*Histoire prodigieuse*, &c. A Paris. Chez François de Carroy, M.DC.XIII.). The first edition is now very scarce. For various reasons, we do not think it desirable to relate the history of this affair, though it is "very curious and disgusting"; and, it must be allowed, very romantic and impressive. There is also much excitement in the tale of the Gentleman of Silesia who, disappointed by his guests, invited the Devil to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and the Gentleman, annoyed by what occurred, became "sage et bon chrétien." Segrais is the authority for the haunting of the Château d'Egmont. The phenomena were of the sort familiar to the dupes of "Dr." Slade, and the other detected table-turners and professional mediums. "Une grande chaise de bois si pesante que c'est ce que deux hommes auroient pu porter, se branla et quitta sa place en venant vers M. Patris comme soutenue en l'air; ce fut alors que M. Patris dit, 'Monsieur le Diable, les intérêts de Dieu à part, je suis bien votre serviteur, mais je vous prie de ne me pas faire peur d'avantage;' et la chaise se retourna à la même place d'où elle étoit venue." This impressed M. Patris a good deal, and he became devout. The ghost in the Rue d'Ecouffes, in 1663, was an "apparition at the moment of death." A person was heard to enter a room, and the rustling of his dress was audible. The dog sped madly about the place, "et continua ce fatigant manège jusqu'au jour," whence it is argued that "the ghost appeared to the dog in a visible shape, unlike anything with which he was familiar." This is very probable. The father of the lady, in whose room these events happened, had died "at the moment of their occurrence." The apparition of Marie Angélique Arnaud, Abbess of Port Royal, is probably familiar to psychical researchers, being published by Dufosse, in a letter at the end of his *Mémoires sur Messieurs de Port-Royal* (p. 515). We might continue these recitals, and others equally authentic and important, but "of ghost-stories, as of all earthly pleasures, cometh satiety at last," to parody what the Monk, in *Hyppatia*, says of sitting down after rowing.

#### MARINE TRANSPORT.

THE efficiency of the machinery for carrying her troops across the sea is of vital importance to England. Apart from the absolute necessity of marine transport to an insular Power, the fact that our attacks are made from the sea should be an element of strength in military operations. It gives us the opportunity of neutralizing a large part of an enemy's forces which must always be told off to guard the whole length of any coast threatened by a

fleet. In most of the great wars in which we have been engaged, our armies have done not a little of the campaigning in transports. The memoirs of officers who saw service in the revolutionary wars at the end of the last century are full of stories of their voyages. From one of the most recently published—the *Life of Sir William Gomm*—it appears that till he joined the army in the Peninsula he was almost as much at sea as on shore. The way in which whole armies were kept sailing about for months looked indeed often foolish enough. Sir Ralph Abercromby's army had been cruising about for the best part of a year from the north coast of France to Marmora Bay before he sailed for Egypt, and apparently for no useful purpose whatever. But though there was weakness and vacillation on the part of the Ministry, the troops which crowded into transports for months were not necessarily useless. If they seemed to be doing nothing themselves, they at least kept a considerable body of the enemy more or less paralysed. The power which a fleet of transports has, and which an army on shore can scarcely have, of vanishing entirely out of sight, doubles its force. A whole army must be retained within reach of any place at which the fleet can land men, and when a long line of coast is menaced the number of soldiers which is needed for its defence must be very great. The majority of them will probably not be wanted for actual fighting, and yet they cannot be called away to be made use of elsewhere. As we should scarcely engage in a Continental war alone, we might fairly include the retention of a large part of our enemy's army on his coast as a service done to our allies. The increased facility of transport in modern times tells greatly in favour of the force which acts by sea, since a fleet of steamships could carry an army in twenty-four hours along a length of coast which no system of railways could enable an equal number to traverse in a much longer period.

The recent transport of a considerable body of troops to Egypt has given the departments of the Admiralty and War Office an opportunity of showing how far they are in an efficient condition. The general absence of complaint, except as regards the medical branch, seems to show that on the whole the test has been satisfactorily stood. From what has all the air of being an official statement in the *Times* of Tuesday, it would appear that the Government officials are very well satisfied with the way in which they have done their work, and court publicity with a cheerful confidence. The report in the *Times* points out that the Transport Departments are always the objects of immense grumbling, sometimes, it is hinted, of a very captious kind, from soldiers who are suddenly moved from barracks to shipboard. It might have added that the public is incomparably more exacting than it was in days when wars were more frequent. When our troops were continually at sea, the country seems to have been satisfied with knowing that the transports could be trusted to float, and that the men would be carried to their destination. That they should be carried there in comfort was not thought necessary. The horrible account which Smollett has left of the way in which the expedition against New Carthage was managed shows what a vast amount of misery the English soldier of the eighteenth century took as a matter of course. It does not seem to have appeared unreasonable, even to the author of *Roderick Random* himself, that men should be crowded, on the Turkish system, as many of them as could stand together, into vessels only four feet high between decks, and sent to cruise about in the tropics. That he included among the necessary accidents of military service. His indignation was reserved for the infamous neglect of the wounded, who were treated by their officers as badly as Osman Pasha treated his men in Plevna, and with far less excuse. But we have changed all that. Not only does the callous brutality shown to the poor wretches who were food for powder a hundred years ago appear impossible now, but we expect a military expedition to be assimilated very closely to a picnic. Men complain, and are thought entitled to complain, if they are not made comfortable according to a very high standard. We may be tolerably sure that if convalescent soldiers had complained in the last century that they were confined to the rations given to the healthy men, they would have got remarkably little sympathy. Complaint was thought to become legitimate only when no rations of any sort were forthcoming. Now, however, it has been considered a fair grievance that the doctors of the transports bringing home sick and convalescent soldiers have not been able to order the latter a special diet. No doubt all this is as it should be. We have become more humane in every way, and the soldier reaps the benefit as well as others, some of whom deserve it much less. In the main, it appears to be acknowledged that the men of Sir Garnet Wolseley's army have been well looked after on shipboard, and the Transport Department has shown sufficient readiness to learn from the errors of the past to warrant confidence that it will amend what is still wanting in that respect.

The rapidity with which the ships were collected, equipped, and victualled, and the troops shipped and sent to their place of destination, was great enough to excuse a certain amount of self-laudation on the part of the officials, if, indeed, they are inclined to repay themselves for their toils in that way. The first men sent left in the large vessels regularly used for carrying troops in times of peace, and there should be nothing remarkable in the fact that they are always ready to sail. But by far the greater part were necessarily carried in hired transports, and they were certainly got together with commendable promptitude. The first advertisement for tenders was issued on the 20th of July; the first transport left on the 30th, and the



whole force despatched from England had left by the 19th of August. Much of the credit due for this display of efficiency is due to the great steamship Companies which supplied the vessels. Unless our merchant marine was at once very large and very good, such vessels could not have been collected in the time by any exertions on the part of the War Office. Our officials have, however, accustomed us for so long to the spectacle of a War Office which would not use the material that lay at its hand that it is a subject of gratification to see it allow itself to be properly served. Part of the mismanagement in the medical department, whoever was to blame for it, does not appear to have been the fault of the Transport Service. They did their best presumably, according to instructions from headquarters, to make the hospital ship *Carthage* all that a hospital ship ought to be; and, if she was left at Alexandria when the sick were in urgent need of her stores at Ismailia, that was a mistake for which somebody not of the Transport Service was responsible. It is not equally clear that they can be acquitted of having allowed medical stores to be packed in such a way that they could not be got at when wanted. The naval officers who directed the fitting-out and loading of the ships should not have needed to be told that, even at the cost of some inconvenience to other departments, the articles needed for the sick and wounded should have been put within easy reach of the doctors.

A glance at the list of vessels chartered by the Government to carry the force sent out from the end of July to the middle of August will show how greatly the conditions of marine transport have changed with the introduction of steam. The army of Sir Ralph Abercromby which Admiral Keith conveyed from Marmorice Bay was of about the same strength as the force lately sent, and carried fewer horses. Yet it required a fleet of some two hundred vessels to carry it. Upwards of six hundred were required to transport the French army which conquered Algiers, and which was about thirty thousand strong. The number of vessels chartered by the Government to carry the 16,000 men and the 5,500 horses sent out with Sir Garnet Wolseley was 44 steamers, of from 5,385 to 1,240 tons register. The whole number of ships employed was largely in excess of this; but it shows what a high degree of mobility our army should be capable of attaining when a force of that size can be carried, with its horses, guns, and the stores needed for immediate service, on board a smaller number of steamers than can often be seen waiting for cargoes in a third-rate port. When the Admiralty and the War Office have removed the causes of confusion which remain in the Transport Service, it ought to be as easy for the English Government to send an army of considerable force half round the world in a fleet of no unwieldy size as any military operation on a large scale can be. But though there is good reason for satisfaction with the way in which the work of carrying the army to Egypt has been done, it would be most unwise to argue from recent experience to what might be expected to happen in a war with a European Power. Our difficulties in the recent war have been confined to the shipping and unshipping of stores and men. In war with a nation which possessed a fleet of even moderate strength, it would be necessary to provide for protection to the transports. In one respect that will be more difficult now than ever it was. When we were last at war with an enemy who could fight at sea, a convoy, accompanied by a sufficient force of line-of-battle ships, was perfectly safe. A single cruiser would never think of attacking a fleet of transports. She would have had a liner down on her before she could have sunk one with the artillery of the time, and might not improbably have been boarded and her crew overpowered by soldiers. Moreover the direction of the wind would necessarily decide the point at which she could attack. At present a swift ironclad with a ram and torpedoes might sink half the transports which carried our army to Egypt before she could be stopped in a night attack, which she could make from any quarter she pleased and with a fair chance of escaping the most vigilant protecting squadron. If torpedoes were used against her they would probably be most dangerous to the other transports. The finest of our merchant steamers would be helplessly cut in two by the ram of a third-rate ironclad. The tendency of the changes in modern naval architecture is greatly to increase the importance of the individual cruiser and her power of doing mischief. In view of this new danger it becomes a question whether the transport of the future may not have to be a fighting ship. She will of course not be a vessel of the first class, an *Inflexible* or a *Collingwood*, but it may be found necessary to equip her to fight the lighter kind of cruisers. There are numbers of ironclads on our navy list which, with a few changes, might be made very useful in this way, and are not likely to do much service in any other.

#### THE REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper showing the reduction effected in the National Debt during the past five-and-twenty years was published last week, and it has afforded the *Times* an opportunity for characteristic flattery of the national vanity and the national prejudices. We fail to see in the document any grounds for self-laudation. The total reduction effected in the National Debt in all ways during the quarter of a century amounts to 126,454,844*l.* But as during the same time the debt was increased by 50,582,341*l.*, the net decrease was only 75,872,503*l.* Since the

close of the great Civil War in 1865 the United States have reduced their debt 222½ millions sterling. In seventeen years, therefore, they have redeemed nearly three times as much debt as we have redeemed in five-and-twenty years. These figures do not furnish much ground for boasting. And, if we consider the situation of the two countries, we shall find the comparison still more unfavourable to ourselves. The United States might well be excused for looking upon their debt with unconcern. Geographically they are so distant from Europe that they may regard themselves as safe from aggression, and therefore exempt from the necessity of keeping up great armaments. Moreover, the growth of population and wealth is so rapid that in a generation or so they could reasonably reckon upon the debt becoming relatively so light as no longer to be a matter of serious concern. How differently are we situated! We hold about one-eighth of the whole earth's surface, and this vast empire is scattered over all parts of the globe, temptingly inviting aggression from all sorts of envious neighbours. At any moment, then, we may be forced into a war of terrible proportions. It is not enough to say that it takes two to make a quarrel; for the circumstances might be such that we should have no option but to fight. A few months ago it appeared little probable that the most peace-loving Cabinet ever seen in England would send a military expedition to Egypt. But if we were involved in a really great war, our debt would be increased in a very short time to most formidable proportions. In four short years the United States incurred over 400 millions of debt. And in seven months France incurred even a larger debt. Were we to be involved in a long war with a first-class Power or coalition of Powers, we should be compelled to borrow enormous sums; for at present our military preparations are totally inadequate for war upon a great scale. The commonest prudence, then, would suggest that, while we enjoy peace, we should exert ourselves to reduce our debt, so that, if compelled to borrow, we might be able to borrow on favourable terms, and our credit should stand so high that no thoughtful enemy would provoke our hostility. In view of such possibilities, it is not satisfactory to reflect that we have contented ourselves for the past quarter of a century with paying off three millions of debt per annum.

The net decrease of the debt during the quarter of a century, as stated above, is a little under 76 millions. But, if we exclude the action of the Terminable Annuities, the total decrease is only 55,757,900*l.* In other words, leaving out of sight the action of the Terminable Annuities, we have paid off during the past five-and-twenty years 55½ millions of new debt, and we have incurred 50½ millions. Had we met all the current expenses of each year as they fell due, at the end of the quarter of a century we should have had a surplus of barely 5½ millions. That surely is not a statement to boast of for the richest country in the world. But, it will be said, we are taking no account of the Terminable Annuities. By their action the debt has been reduced nearly 76 millions, as shown above. We have no intention to speak slightly of the Terminable Annuities. We sincerely hope, on the contrary, that when the great bulk of them fall in, three years hence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day will continue to apply them to the reduction of debt. But it must not be overlooked that redemption of debt by means of Terminable Annuities is the way that imposes on the taxpayers the least sacrifice. And it is also the slowest. During the earlier years of Terminable Annuities the largest part of them goes to pay interest; it is only as the Annuities grow old that the reductions of the principal become large. It takes, therefore, a long time for a Terminable Annuity to have much effect upon the debt. But, as we have already said, we by no means intend to speak slightly of the action of the Terminable Annuities. We would only urge that, for a country so rich as England, it would be wise to supplement the action of those annuities by means of direct purchases. There should always be provided, in time of peace, a surplus over current expenditure to purchase debt in the market and cancel it directly. We have seen that during the past quarter of a century this has not been done; that, in fact, had all the expenses which ought to have been met out of current revenue been so covered, there would have been a surplus so small as scarcely to be worth notice. It may be objected that the expenditure to which we refer was not such as ought to be defrayed out of current expenditure; and, in fact, the *Times* has urged that for much of this expenditure we have obtained valuable properties. To some extent this is true. We have bought the Suez Canal shares, for example, and we have also bought the telegraphs. These latter cost us very nearly eleven millions, and only now are beginning to yield a profit. The price paid was exorbitant, and we are afraid we must add that for many years the management was not good. But in the telegraphs and the Suez Canal shares we have got money's worth for our money. Moreover, we have advanced considerable sums to local authorities, and it is to be assumed that those authorities have also something to show for their expenditure. But much of the 50 millions of new debt was expended for entirely unproductive purposes. Part of it, for example, represents the deficits during the years in which we were preparing for war against Russia—deficits which have since been funded. Part of it, again, represents the annuity granted to India; in other words, the share of the cost of the Afghan war assumed by England. Both these items might well have been defrayed out of current revenue. Lastly, part of the new debt, amounting to eleven millions, was incurred for fortifications and barracks. It is only partly true, then, that, as the *Times* alleges, the net debt of 50½

millions, incurred during the past quarter of a century, represents valuable assets.

But, while we did so little for the reduction of debt during this quarter of a century, we did a great deal in reducing taxation. Each Government has vied with its predecessor in cutting down taxes, because to do so was popular, and every Chancellor of the Exchequer wished to show that he could manage the finances of the country more cheaply than his rivals. Accordingly we find that during the five-and-twenty years remissions of taxation have been effected which are estimated in the paper before us at very nearly 50 millions. On the other hand, additions to the taxation have been made which are estimated at about 17 millions, leaving a net reduction of taxation of about 33 millions. It seems to us that it would have been much wiser to have retained some of this taxation, and applied it to the redemption of the debt. Many years ago our taxation had ceased to be burdensome. It is levied mainly upon articles of luxury, it does not press upon industry, and it presses very lightly upon the poor. We doubt very much whether the retention of some of the taxes remitted would have in the least checked the growth of wealth; while the revenue thus kept up would have sensibly reduced the debt, and in 1885, when the Long Annuities fall in, we should have been in a much better position than we shall be now. Still, if the six millions of Terminable Annuities, which will fall in three years hence, are kept up and applied to the redemption of debt, much may be done before the end of the century to put us in a favourable position. Although we have spoken in this way of the little that has been done to redeem debt, we would yet point out that the redemption of debt shown by this paper has considerably affected the market for Consols. A redemption of nearly 76 millions in five-and-twenty years, at the same time that wealth and population have been growing so rapidly, naturally made the stock scarce, and contributed to the rise of prices which we now see going on; but this is by the way. The point we would especially urge is that too little has been done in the past for the redemption of debt; and that now, while our taxation is light, while our wealth is rapidly growing, and while peace is for the time assured, we ought to take such measures that, if ever we are compelled in self-defence largely to increase our debt again, we shall do so with high credit and unexhausted resources.

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING AT THE LYCEUM.

THE production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum is perhaps the most brilliant and complete representation of a play of Shakspeare's which has been given at that theatre under Mr. Irving's management, and to say that is to say at once a good deal. There are, no doubt, some people who may think that as individual impersonations, both as regards perception and completeness of execution, neither Miss Ellen Terry's Portia nor Mr. Irving's Shylock could well be bettered; but in *The Merchant of Venice*, to begin with, the other parts in the play were by no means so uniformly well cast as they are in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Besides this, Mr. Irving's Shylock, while his executive interpretation was hardly open, if at all open, to fault-finding, startled some of his critics by his conception. Shylock, as we all know, was traditionally for a long time a low-comedy part; and, in spite of the revolutions worked upon it by Macklin and by Edmund Kean, when Mr. Irving converted it into what was practically the heroic figure of the play there were those whose convictions were shocked by his giving a majesty alike to the triumph and to the fall of the usurer. With regard to Benedick, no such wide diversity of opinion as to the character is possible. There are certain things which Benedick must be—a courtly gentleman, a man of high spirit, of light and easy wit; such a man as would be sought after by Don Pedro and his companions. Any suspicion of roughness in the mind or manner of Benedick suggested by the actor representing him should at once be enough to condemn the actor's effort. That there would be no such suspicion in Mr. Irving's acting was practically a foregone conclusion; but it was possible that, however much he might be able to indicate to those who watched his performance closely his appreciation of other traits in Benedick's character, yet there might not always be a complete outward expression of what the player strove to convey. The witty passages might be over-accentuated at the expense of others, or might fail to hit exactly the mark; the true proportions of the character, with its mixture of lightness and determination, gaiety of manner and depth of heart, might be missed by a little. So with Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice. It was practically certain that she would invest the part with grace and charm, would give a delightful playfulness to the playful speeches; but it could not have been held certain that she would rise to the height of emotion demanded by the cathedral scene, any more than it could have been held certain that both Miss Terry and Mr. Irving would not only preserve individually the poetry as well as the wit of Beatrice and Benedick, but would in the scenes in which the two are concerned together throw so charming a light upon the conduct and relations of two people who begin by professing a repugnance for each other which one cannot but think is more than half affected, and end by being thoroughly in love with each other.

In the acting of these two parts, he who would break a lance with Mr. Mowbray Morris over a certain passage in his *Essays*

in *Theatrical Criticism* might find a weapon of some service. "Reduced to the material compass of the theatre, the most ethereal visions, the most delicate graces of his (Shakspeare's) fancy, cannot but lose something of their radiance, cannot but acquire a certain touch of grossness, of human substance and human infirmity." Now this, as it seems to us, is precisely what does not happen as regards the present performance of Beatrice and Benedick at the Lyceum. The play is, as we all know, charged with wit and beauty for the reader who has a spark of wit or of poetical imagining in his composition; and such a reader, all thoughtless of the stage, for which the play was originally designed, may get out of it what seems to him full satisfaction. But can he, even if he be an actor by disposition if not by training, get out of it quite all that players with fine perceptions, and with fine and full experience of the stage to back them, put into it? Is it likely, for instance, that as he reads that strange and charming scene of courtship in the Cathedral scene there will rise to his mind's eye the delicate action with which Benedick's hand approaches and touches Beatrice's as it hangs idle by her side, or the charming picture of awakening and chivalrous love given to illustrate the following lines, "I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?" Is it possible that he should picture to himself just how this thing should be done by the two players concerned in it, so as to preserve at once its deep meaning and its fine point of comedy? Or again, is it likely that it should strike him how much meaning can be given to the whole scene and its whole bearing by so seemingly trivial an incident as Beatrice's kissing the Friar's hand after he has expressed his belief in Hero's complete innocence? The person who could study Shakspeare in his own room, and see all such touches as these given to the scene in his mind's eye, and given with a perfection beyond the reach of any mortal actor, would no doubt be enviable. But, on the other hand, such touches as these are, one naturally imagines, just the touches which cannot be devised by any but one who is at once an experienced player and a loving student of Shakspeare—one who will know when to put them in so as to help, and not to hinder and overlay, the poet's meaning, which is the first thing to be grasped before the particular means of conveying it from the stage to the public are considered. Here it may be said that we are begging the question in assuming that the poet's meaning should be conveyed to the public from the stage. It is simple enough to reply to this, that "your stage play" should, like "your bonnet," be put "to his right use"; it was written for the stage, and therefore let it be seen on the stage. In too many cases, perhaps, the upholder of "the closet theory" might rejoinder that if the stage only marred the finest dramatic work that the world has produced the stage had better leave it alone. In this particular case, however, as in various others which might be cited, such a rejoinder would have nothing on which to rest. The case is, it may be said, exceptional; and no doubt it is. It is not every day that one can hope to get an ideal Beatrice and Benedick, an excellent company, and a thorough appreciation of how scenic illustration may be brought to bear upon a beautiful work without in the least interfering with or overloading its intrinsic beauty. But, with all this, such a case is not so exceptional as to be the exception which proves a rule. The fact remains indisputable that Shakspeare's plays were written for the stage; there is a strong presumption that Shakspeare knew what he was about; and it is hardly to be supposed that the great bulk of the audience who show their appreciation of Shakspeare in the theatre would be likely to get as much enjoyment or education from reading him at home. This no doubt sounds, and is, platitudinous; but there are certain platitudes which it is worth while occasionally to repeat. As for the artistic value of stage representations to any one who is a student, either as an amateur or as a professional, of stage art, one need only refer to the well-known case of the great singer and actress who always wanted to see a new part which she undertook done, and done no matter how badly or how well, by some one else before she herself formed her conception of its meaning and her ideas as to its fitting execution.

All this, however, has taken us far enough away from the detailed consideration of the particular performance by the striking merits of which the divergence was suggested. The scenic arrangement and the dressing of the play are, as by this time most of our readers are aware, arranged not only with magnificence, which in itself is not much, but also with the art which tempers magnificence to the right sense of proportion; and, what is more important, this same sense of artistic proportion is present as though instilled by a master hand, throughout the representation in every way of the play. The loves of Hero and Claudio, with their terrible calamity and their subsequent reconciliation, resume their proper place in the foreground. Don Pedro takes his right position as the gay, careless prince, whose courtly whim is the instrument upon which the episode of Beatrice and Benedick—an episode which, as episodes sometimes do, gives to the play its chief charm—depends; while Don John, a character heretofore almost entirely neglected in the stage versions of the play, on his side takes his proper place as one of Shakspeare's truest and least obvious villains. His motives are complex, and do not loudly assert themselves. He is plausible and he is sinister; and as such the skill of the actor who represents him at the Lyceum shows him forth. Again, Leonato and Antonio, two fine characters which finely illustrate Shakspeare's power of individualizing similar types, have in their turn a due share, and that not a small one, in the whole effect of the representation.



For the acting of the play thus admirably conceived as a whole we have little indeed but praise. Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice is in the earlier scenes the incarnation of light-hearted mirth which is never heartless and of gay coquetry which never loses the charm of spontaneity. In the Cathedral scene she arrives at a pitch of emotion which is both tender and deep, and in the delivery of the speech beginning "Is he not approved in the height a villain" she attained a force that was perhaps not expected by some of her hearers. In the concluding scenes of the play we have the same early touch of coquetry relieved by the true love sprung from half-assumed aversion. Mr. Irving's Benedick is, as has been hinted above, a singularly harmonious combination of the mixed qualities which go to make up the part. He is before all things well-bred and chivalrous; he is gay, with a fund of poetry beneath the gaiety; he is on the surface a man who, like Gratiano, talks an infinite deal of nothing; but his character is really full of a determination which asserts itself finely in the Cathedral scene and in the challenge of Claudio. His scenes of pure comedy are given with infinite grace, and in the scenes just referred to the repression of his acting is by force of contrast doubly telling, even as the truth and tenderness of his love scenes gain by their opposition to the light nature which he wears as a glove. Miss Millward deserves high praise for the sincerity and grace with which she plays the very difficult part of Hero, to which she lends a poetical interest too seldom given to it. The decided merits of Mr. Forbes Robertson's impassioned Claudio, of Mr. Terrie's Don Pedro, and of Mr. Glenny's Don John, have been indicated by what has been said above of the whole effect of the play, as has the skill shown by Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Howe as Leonato and Antonio. We may here pause to observe that Leonato is far too often called Lionato by certain actors concerned in the play. Mr. Mead's striking and artistic use of his fine presence and elocution has an important effect in the Cathedral scene. Dogberry and Verges are played by Messrs. Johnson and Calhaem. Mr. Johnson fails from a want of unconsciousness; Mr. Calhaem is excellent in his conceited pedantry. Borachio (Mr. Tyars) is an imposing figure of a mercenary villain who has yet some room for honesty left in him; and Conrade (Mr. Hudson) a singularly life-like one of a villain who is far more of a careless and swashing ruffian. Balthazar's song, "Sigh no more, ladies," is sung with rare skill and with an unusually beautiful voice by Mr. J. Robertson. His phrasing is excellent, and this, combined with the unaffected simplicity of his delivery, shows that he has learnt, and learnt to good account, in what is too rapidly becoming extinct, the grand school.

#### SOME RECENT MUSIC.

"It is a comic opera that M. — has pretended to write, and he has succeeded." This remarkable sentence appeared some time ago in a series of advertisements purporting to be translations of French opinion on an *opéra bouffe* of which an English version was being given. That the meaning intended to be conveyed by it can be applied fully to M. Planquette's "*opéra comique*" or "*romantic comic opera*"—for both names are given to it—it would be perhaps too much to say. Real comic opera, or, in other words, lyric comedy, is a rare thing enough; and probably not more than one instance of such work has been heard during the last ten years. A good deal more than a facility for stringing together catching melodies and the opportunity of allying them with picturesque scenic effects is wanted to produce a comic opera in the true sense of the words. In writing two years ago of M. Offenbach we had occasion to say that "it is a subject for regret that he did not turn his attention to the higher branches of his art, for which not a few of his works seem, in the midst of their frivolity, to hint at undeveloped capacities. Had M. Offenbach attempted this he might have made a name which would be handed down to posterity unconnected with the almost shameless improprieties which disfigure some of his works." From any shade of the reproach thus implied M. Planquette is free as air; but, on the other hand, it is a question whether *Rip Van Winkle* contains any hint of undeveloped capacity, or indeed of anything more than a capacity for cleverly turning to account themes already well worn in the previous work by which his name is known. That the music is bright, and in a way pleasant, may no doubt be admitted; that it contains anything to justify the flourish of trumpets which has been attempted in its favour cannot as easily be granted. It is, as we have said, pleasant enough in its way, but that way is a commonplace way. It has, in spite of the affectation of "motive," no true dramatic force or meaning; and the pathetic effect produced at a pathetic situation is due, not to the composer, but to his interpreters, and chiefly to one among them. It is, in fact, the theatrical, not the musical, skill of the work which rescues it from taking rank with the many inane productions which have made their appearance since Offenbach's first success. M. Planquette had an admirable subject to work upon, a subject which should have given a composer with a spark of genius an opportunity for making a great name. What he has done is to illustrate it with music which has a catchy prettiness, and with which, taking it for what it is, there is no need to quarrel. But it might have been so much more; such occasions for the display of humour and pathos present themselves, if only the composer had been equal to these occasions. Seemingly he was not equal to them, and,

whatever it may be that M. Planquette has "pretended to write," what he has written is not what should accurately be termed a comic opera. Nevertheless, the work may be heard and seen with pleasure and with the more satisfaction, because its complete wholesomeness may be thought to indicate that the time has come when people have grown weary of the "*lugubricité*," to quote an excellent word coined by M. Alphonse Karr, of the school of *opéra bouffe* referred to above.

As has been said, M. Planquette has been so fortunate in his subject that it is a wonder he has not made more of it, and he has also been for the most part singularly fortunate in his interpreters. In an opera founded on the play of *Rip Van Winkle*, it is before all things necessary that the character of Rip himself should be adequately sung and acted. Mr. F. Leslie, who appears as Rip, has a sympathetic voice and an excellent method, to which he joins, what for such a part is not less necessary, unusual skill as an actor. With Mr. Jefferson's playing of a part which he has made his own fresh in the memory of the public, Mr. Leslie was somewhat heavily handicapped at starting. It is his singular merit that, while his impersonation is obviously modelled on Mr. Jefferson's, it yet has attraction and character of its own. The varying moods of the part are given with combined force and power, and there is real pathos in the scene of Rip's return as an old man. For the one jarring note in the character it is not the actor, but the librettist, who is responsible. The introduction of this is the more to be regretted because the libretto is, for the most part, meritorious, though why it should have been written in choice American it is not easy to imagine.

In the libretto, as authors of which MM. Meilhac and Philippe Gille and Mr. Farnie are announced, certain changes have been made from the arrangements of Mr. Boucicault's play, and some of them have been made with advantage. In the play, it will be remembered that Rip has a scolding wife, who in the opera loses all that is unattractive in her character. Instead of being driven from his house by the result of his provocations upon her temper, Rip, in the opera, goes to the Catskill Mountains for a double reason—to prosecute further his discovery of Hudson's buried treasure, and to keep out of the way of the English soldiers, to whom his enemy Derrick, armed with the evidence of a piece of French gold which came out of the treasure, has denounced him. Again, in the last act, Rip comes back to find, not his wife, but his daughter, who is the living image of her mother, alive, and in love with Derrick's nephew, whose "little wife" she was in their childhood. The excitement of a contested election, the events of which, involving as they do certain distinctive American phrases and features, would probably amuse American more than English audiences, is further introduced to complicate the changed state of things in the midst of which Rip finds himself. All this is well enough in its way, and so is the arrangement of the opening of the second act, which gives occasion for a pretty and effective chorus. What is not so well is a point which at first sight may seem small enough in the scene of Rip's awaking, but which argues a curious want of perception on the part of the authors. No one who has seen Mr. Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* can forget his dog Schneider, and the intense pathos which in the last scene he threw into the words "Schneider was a dog." To people who remember this, the fact that Rip in his first waking from his long sleep should be represented as regarding with cold amusement the spectacle of the dog's skeleton hanging high up in a tree—the bush to which he was tethered—and so setting on some barren spectators to laugh, will seem little short of an outrage. This is, as we have hinted, the one strikingly false note in the present representation of Rip, and for this the actor, who shows a decided faculty for entering into Rip's humour, is, of course, not to be held accountable. For the rest, Miss Violet Cameron, who appears in the first act as Gretchen, Rip's wife, and in the last as his daughter Alice, acts and sings with much grace and steadiness, the effect of which might be improved by the presence of a little more original spirit and semblance of spontaneity. One is too conscious that the lesson has been learned, if well learned. Miss Sadie Martinot, who plays Katrina, the village flirt, is, on the other hand, somewhat too pronounced in her method, both as a singer and as an actress, for the dimensions of the stage on which she appears. Mr. Penley shows decided cleverness as Derrick; Mr. Brough, thoroughly funny as Nick Vedder, in the first act, marks capitally the difference and likeness between father and son when he appears as Jan Vedder in the last act. There is a touch of real art, recalling Mr. Sothern's in *Brother Sam* on a like occasion, in Mr. Brough's treatment of the son's imitation of his father's method of speech. To Mr. W. S. Rising, who appears as First Lieutenant of Hudson's crew, and as Lieutenant Hans Van Slous in the last act, it would be difficult to give any kind of praise. His phrasing, intonation, and enunciation were alike faulty. On the whole, we must end, so far as *Rip Van Winkle*'s being a "comic opera" is concerned, where we began. It is light, pleasing, clever, unoriginal, undramatic—a quality only the more marked by its unsuccessful affectation of the dramatic "motives," of which some people still think that Herr Wagner was the inventor. It is not a "comic opera," and he who can write a comic opera has yet to be found. But it is, as we have said, bright, untainted with the less agreeable peculiarities of Offenbach, and remarkable, if for nothing else, for Mr. Leslie's fine singing and acting.

The Nilsson-Reeves concert, at which Mme. Nilsson took her farewell of the British public, and in which Mr. Sims Reeves,

Mme. Trebelli, and Mr. Santley took part, deserves special notice. Every possible, and even impossible, space in the Albert Hall was filled on this occasion by an expectant crowd. The programme of the concert was better conceived with regard to the sequence of the pieces than is usual with arrangements of miscellaneous music made to attract the public. Mme. Nilsson opened her performances with Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim." Her voice was wholly equal to the music, and the fervour of her full, penetrating notes, with the brilliancy of her florid passages, excited general enthusiasm; it was only unfortunate that there were moments when the trumpet of Mr. McGrath was not in perfect harmony with the voice of the singer. Mr. Sims Reeves also began with Handel, and in the recitative of "Deeper and Deeper," followed by the air of "Waft her, Angels," again thrilled his audience as he has done a hundred times before. His admirable phrasing in the opening passages is familiar to most lovers of music by the poetry of its passion, and when the recitative passes into song, the singer exalts the imagination of his hearers by the rapture of his hope. In contrast to the style of this was that of the duet with Mme. Nilsson, "Da quel di che t'incontrai," in which the perfect mingling of the two voices charmed the ear. Mme. Trebelli, in "Voi che sapete," displayed the richness of her tones and the excellence of her dramatic style, and was afterwards heard to still more advantage in the duet from Boito's *Mefistofele*, "La luna immobile," as also in the "Si tu m'aimes," from *Carmen*. Mr. Santley, as usual, sang with admirable style and force in Handel's *Polyphemus*; but the great enthusiasm of the audience was reserved for the delivery of "The Death of Nelson" by Mr. Sims Reeves. In this the singer's declamation brings the loss and prowess of a great hero so freshly to the mind that we seem to stand on the deck of the *Victory* and see the battle and the fall. The mass of listeners on this night appeared transported beyond the bounds of reason, for they clamoured so wildly for a repetition of this trying piece that the singer found himself obliged to come forward and repeat the last verse after his long evening of exertion. His welcome was then uproarious; but never, to our thinking, was an encore more to be deprecated than on this occasion.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE attendance on the first day of the Second October Meeting was below the average, but the weather was unusually fine. The first race was a mere canter for Macheath, on whom 20 to 1 was laid. His owner, Mr. Crawford, won the second race also, with Edelweiss, who was giving weight to each of his five opponents. There was a magnificent race for a Sweepstakes between Eliacin, ridden by Cannon, and Lennoxlove, ridden by Archer, both horses being four-year-olds and carrying 9st. Eliacin led until halfway down the hill, when Archer came up in the manner which has so often proved fatal to the hopes of his opponents. Cannon, however, had reserved enough of his horse's energy to make a final fight, and Eliacin just won by a short head. The old Clearwell Stakes was, as usual, a very interesting race. It is worth noticing that winners of the Clearwell Stakes have been, as a rule, far more successful in their three-year-old careers than winners of the Middle Park Plate. Within the past half-dozen years they have supplied one winner of the Derby, and no less than four winners of the St. Leger. The first favourite on the late occasion was a bay colt, belonging to Mr. Gretton, called Acrostic. He is by See-Saw out of Lady Alice Hawthorn, and he cost 1,050 guineas as a yearling; but he had never run in public before. Almost as good a favourite was Mr. Lefevre's Hauteur, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, in which race she had beaten Macheath by a neck. This filly had now to carry a penalty of 9 lbs. Lord Cadogan's colt Goldfield, by Springfield, whose only performance had been to win the Rous Plate at Doncaster by five lengths, had 3 lbs. extra to carry, and he was third favourite. Symphony and Duchess of Cornwall were good outsiders, and some money was laid out, at 10 to 1, on an own brother to the celebrated Foxhall, called Potosi, a colt that had not hitherto run in public. There were eleven starters. An American colt named Massasoit made the running, closely followed by Acrostic and Symphony, while Hauteur lay somewhat in their rear. On reaching the cords, Symphony went to the front, but she was soon beaten. About a hundred yards from the winning-post Fordham gained a slight advantage on Hauteur, and, improving his position as he went on, he won by three-quarters of a length from Goldfield. There was a good race for a Welter Handicap, which was won from a field of fourteen horses by the extreme outsider, Lord Stamford's three-year-old filly Incognita, who had run half a dozen times unsuccessfully this season.

The racing on the day of the Cesarewitch was, with one or two exceptions, very poor. For the first race the only question was which of two bad horses was the worst; but backers made a great mistake, for they laid 2 to 1 on Tarry Woo, who was beaten by as much as four lengths by Sonnie Lass. There was a tolerable race between Regent and Boswell for a roof plate, Boswell winning by three-quarters of a length. He was ridden by Cannon, while Archer rode Regent. The best race of the day was for the Scurry Nursery. Gisela, ridden by Wood, beat Lucerne, who was ridden by Fordham, after a very hard struggle, by a head. The Celerima filly was third, only half a length behind Lucerne. Fordham came with a tremendous rush at the end, but he seemed to be just a second too late.

What has been termed the two-year-old Derby was run on the Wednesday. Yet, curiously enough, no winner of the Middle Park Plate has ever won the real Derby. The race this year was particularly interesting. Upon the whole, Macheath's public form was considered the best of his year. It was true that he had been beaten in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster by Hauteur, but it was thought that he had not been quite himself at the time, whereas he was now considered perfectly fit and much improved in every way. Probably Hauteur was sounder than Macheath on her limbs, and she looked muscular and well, but it was hoped that, if Macheath did not give way on the descent into the Abingdon mile, he would be able to win the race. On the other hand, Hauteur's victory in the Clearwell Stakes showed that she was in excellent form at present. Highland Chief is a fine colt, but he is better formed before than behind the saddle, and he had only run third to Rookery at the First October Meeting. Adriana, who had been second in the same race, a neck behind Rookery, had also run Macheath to a neck at the same meeting; so it seemed that, if Macheath should not prove to be quite up to concert pitch, or if he were to make the least mistake, Adriana might beat him. In size and general appearance she was all that could be wished, and she was to receive 3 lbs. from Macheath. Chislehurst had won two races in June, but he had been beaten in August and September. He was now looking better than when he had last appeared at a race-meeting, but still he was hardly as fit as he might have been. Mr. Lefevre's Ladislas had not been a very brilliant performer in public, but it was reported that he had beaten Hauteur in a trial a few days previously. Energy had won the only race for which he had started. He is a fine and good-looking colt, but he is a little backward. Like Macheath, he belongs to Mr. Crawford, the owner of the winner of the Cesarewitch. There was an excellent start, and the seventeen competitors came away almost abreast. A colt called Splendor made the running as far as the Bushes, from which point Chislehurst took the lead, accompanied by Goldfield, Highland Chief, and Macheath. Knowing that his horse was more suited to descending than ascending a hill, Archer made the most of his time with Highland Chief in the decline towards the Abingdon Bottom, and, dashing past Chislehurst, he had gained the lead in the Dip. Wood, on the other hand, nursed Macheath while descending the hill, but made his effort the moment he began the ascent on the opposite side of the Dip, and, after a fine race, won by half a length. This was a good performance on the part of Macheath, as he gave Highland Chief 3 lbs. and also about a 3 lbs. beating; but, if there is any truth in the rumours that Macheath is weak-limbed and that Highland Chief is not right in his wind, neither of the pair can be expected to win important three-year-old races. Chislehurst was only three-quarters of a length behind Highland Chief, and it is understood that he was shut in at an important part of the race. Hauteur was fourth, but she scarcely ran up to her previous form.

The Select Stakes that followed the Middle Park Plate was a most interesting race. The Duke of Westminster's Shotover, the winner of the Derby and the Two Thousand; Lord Rosebery's Kermesse, who had shown the best public form of all the two-year-olds last year; and Mr. L. de Rothschild's Nellie, who had been but a few pounds worse than Kermesse as a two-year-old, constituted the field. It will be remembered that Kermesse had met with an accident in the spring, which it was feared might prevent her from running again; but, by dint of great care, she had been made sound enough to bear training. She was receiving 9 lbs. from Shotover; but, considering the difficulty there had been in getting her fit to run at all, it seemed doubtful whether this allowance would enable her to compete with a first-class animal in perfect training. Nellie was receiving 10 lbs. from Shotover; but on this year's form it was believed that Shotover would have something the best of it at these weights. Archer rode Shotover, Fordham rode Nellie, and Cannon rode Kermesse. The pace at which the race was run was very slow, and spectators were left with the impression that each of the jockeys must have received waiting orders. Nellie led until she was half way down the Bushes Hill, where the two other fillies went up to her, and they ran into the Dip in a cluster. Before they were well out of the Dip the weight had told on Shotover, and when Archer called upon her to make her rush she failed to do so. Nellie then held the lead, with Kermesse gradually overhauling her; but when the winning-post was reached the two fillies' noses were exactly even, and the judge pronounced the race to be a dead heat. Shotover was a length behind her two opponents.

On the following day Kermesse beat Roselle and Little Sister for the Newmarket Oaks without being fully extended. Half a dozen horses came out for the Champion Stakes, a race worth nearly two thousand pounds. The four-year-old Tristan was the first favourite. He had won eight races this year, including the Epsom Cup, the Gold Vase at Ascot, the Hardwicke Stakes (2,778l.) at Ascot, and the July Cup at Newmarket. He had only been beaten once this season, when he ran second for the Goodwood Cup. Dutch Oven, the winner of the late St. Leger, was second favourite; and Thebais, the winner of last year's Oaks, was third favourite. Scobell, who had won many thousands in stakes last year, was fourth favourite. Credo, a stable companion of Tristan's, made the running at a slow pace as far as the Bushes, where Dutch Oven came forward and dashed down the hill, followed by Tristan, Scobell, and Thebais. Scobell was beaten in



the Dip, and Dutch Oven was at once challenged by both Tristan and Thebais. A desperate race followed. About half way up the hill, Dutch Oven lost a little ground, and after a magnificent struggle, Thebais and Tristan ran a dead heat, with Dutch Oven only a neck behind them. Scobell was but a length behind Dutch Oven. There was a fine race on the same day for the Queen's Plate, in which Hagioscope, the winner of the York Cup and the Caledonian Hunt Handicap, beat Chippendale by a head, while Edelweiss was only a neck behind Chippendale. Archer was riding Chippendale, on whom 5 to 2 had been laid. As much as 8 to 1 had been laid against the winner. Although the racing was so fine, the weather was execrable. There was a thick mist all day, and the rain fell in torrents during the afternoon.

On the Friday there was a heavy mist, which both wet the spectators and interfered with their view of the racing. The ground was very heavy, as much rain had fallen during the night; but the sport was again excellent. Five of the seven races were won by half a length or less; three of these five races were won by a neck, and one by a head only. The Prendergast Stakes ended in a very pretty struggle between Bonny Jean and Export, the former, who had a little the best of the weights, winning by a neck.

The Great Challenge Stakes is a race in which two-year-olds have an opportunity of trying their powers with older horses, at weight for age. The two four-year-olds, Tristan and Scobell, were first and second favourites; the two-year-old Energy, who had won the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster, and run fifth in the Middle Park Plate, was third favourite, and Nellie, who had won this very race last year, as a two-year-old (beating Tristan and Scobell), was fourth favourite. An American two-year-old called Blue Grass made the running for a quarter of a mile, and then Britomartis carried it on as far as the Bushes. From that point Mr. Crawford's Energy took the lead, followed by Tristan and Scobell. The last-named pair gradually overtook Energy, but they had not quite succeeded in passing him before reaching the winning-post, and Energy won by a neck from Tristan, while Tristan was but a short head in front of Scobell. The Great Challenge Stakes has thus been won in two successive years by two-year-olds, and in each case Scobell and Tristan have been placed. The last race of the Meeting was the Newmarket Derby, for which Dutch Oven was the first favourite. At first as much as 2 to 1 was laid on her; but, when it was remembered that the dense mist was likely to be against a horse that lay under suspicion of being thick-winded, and that the heavy state of the ground would multiply considerably the effect of every ounce of the 10 lbs. she was to give to a good colt like Shrewsbury, her backers lost confidence, and 11 to 10 was laid against her at the start. As soon as the flag fell Shrewsbury took the lead, and held it gallantly throughout the race, winning by three lengths. Palermo, a 20 to 1 outsider, was second—probably on sufferance only; and Dutch Oven was half a length behind him.

As we observed last week, the Cesarewitch was rather a tame affair, but the Newmarket Second October Meeting, taken as a whole, was exceedingly interesting, and it was remarkable for fine finishes. It was also noticeable for the wonderful successes of Mr. Crawford, who won nearly all the principal races, while Lord Rosebery had a fair share of luck. The famous jockey Archer was rather unfortunate in his mounts, but both Wood and Cannon had a fine time of it.

## REVIEWS.

### THIBETAN AND BRETON FOLKLORE.\*

"ALL superstitions exist everywhere, and if anywhere they are not found, it is because they have not been looked for with sufficient care." So says a French *folkloriste*, who is quoted by M. Paul Sébillot, in his pretty Elzevir volumes on Breton traditions. The remark may not be literally true, though M. Luzel once found an old Breton woman performing a particularly unpleasant magic rite, previously thought peculiar to some of the natives of India. But superstitious and traditional stories are everywhere sufficiently alike to justify us in reviewing together the stories of Thibet and the tales of French-speaking Bretons. The *Thibetan Tales* have been translated by Mr. Ralston from the German version of Schiefner. Mr. Ralston adds an Introduction, which even the most persevering children of Mother Goose will probably find infinitely the most interesting portion of the work. This preface contains a short sketch of the life and adventures of Csoma de Körös, the Hungarian scholar who made the *Kah-Gyur* and its stores of Indian lore and Thibetan philology accessible to Europeans. Quite apart from the subjects which he investigated, the interest of Csoma de Körös's biography is so great that the Introduction may be recommended even to readers who will not care for the elaborately puerile *Märchen* of the *Kah-Gyur*. Do Körös

was born at the end of last century, he studied at Göttingen, and became a Slavonic philologist. He conceived the desire to discover the origin of the Hungarian nation, and set out to find "his relations" somewhere on the far side of Thibet. The later years of his life were spent in half-frozen Thibetan monasteries, where he studied the language of the country in weather so cold that he dared scarcely turn the pages of his books for fear of having his hand frostbitten. His existence was that of an ascetic; his only food was boiled rice, his only stimulant tea. He died in Nepal in 1842, when he was on the point of starting for Holy Lhasa, in the hopes of finding there "rich stores of Thibetan literature." He gave to the world an authentic copy of the sacred Thibetan book, the *Kah-Gyur*, versions of Sanskrit writings imported into Thibet, and translated there between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries. This prolix Thibetan Bible consists of one hundred volumes; and from its first division, the "Dulvā," come the tales which Mr. Ralston gives us through Professor Schiefner's German version. It is impossible to exaggerate the colossal imbecility of most of these stories. The Indian imagination, after the Vedic period especially, was afflicted with the plague of childish garrulity. For lack of real fancy, the sages and poets took to the infantine trick of multiplying all their prodigies by several hundred millions of crores of lacs. The tame absurdities of priestly and Brahmanic invention were introduced into stories of which the plots are common to all the world, from New Zealand to South Africa, from Greenland to Tartary, from Barra to Egypt. The Aryans of India cannot even tell an honest, world-wide cock-and-bull story in a straightforward way, but mix it up with the prodigious drivel of Buddhist and Brahmanic thaumaturgic lore. We do not speak without some knowledge of mythic legends, and we can seriously say that, for fluent and foolish garrulity of manner, and for energetic and industrious flatness of fancy, Indian mythology beats all the mythic legends of all known savages. Still, even through the jungles of the *Kah-Gyur* there runs a thread or clue which we can cling to, and that thread is the original set of incidents which are common to almost all peoples.

The first story given us from the Thibetan is that of King Mandhatar. Now the Indian element in this story is not inadequately represented by the passage in which the king's sermon on the vanity of life persuades "many hundreds of thousands of men" to live in the forest and turn hermits. It must have been a big forest in which a million hermits were not compelled to see a good deal of each other's society. We need not bore the reader with the "many hundreds, many thousands, many hundreds of thousands" of everything which came in the way of the king. The universal element in the tale is the story of a birth from a king's head. The child was called "Murdhaja, crown-born," just as Athene was called "Tritogeneia," "born from the head" of Zeus, according to one etymology of the epithet. Children born from one or another part of a man's or god's body are common in folklore. One is found in Schmidt's modern Greek *Märchen*, Tangarou, in the South Pacific myths, as Mr. Ralston points out, was born from the arm of Papa. The case of Dionysus is well known. In the same Thibetan story comes the other common incident of a being, pampered by fortune, who falls from his high estate because he wants too much. This *Märchen* has an obviously moral origin; it is a prehistoric parable. Mr. Ralston gives some variants from German popular tales. In the second Thibetan story we have the worldwide legend of the bride who may not see her husband. We have frequently pointed out that this trait, best known in the form of "Cupid and Psyche," is to be referred to a widespread custom of savage and barbaric nuptial etiquette. In the Thibetan form, as in the Zulu, the bridegroom really is hideous, but he ultimately becomes beautiful. Mr. Ralston gives a number of variants in which the bride or bridegroom wears a "huak" of some animal skin, a common custom in savage magic. With the skin of the beast or bird the sorcerer acquires its speed and strength. Yehl, the Odin of the Thlinkeets, could thus assume the shape of a raven. The eighth Thibetan story contains the formula of the bird which, if eaten by any one, will secure for its devourer the crown of his country. Sometimes eating an egg has the same result. "Many mythologists recognize in the golden egg the Sun." We can readily believe this of many mythologists. Among other popular stories in the Thibetan collection is the "Clever Thief." The version is nearer that given by Herodotus as current in Egypt, and lately illustrated by Maspéro, than any other with which we are acquainted. We believe the mythologists say that the Thief is the Wind. Something like the Swan-maiden formula is also found in Thibetan (p. 54). There are also many stories of animals of the usual kind.

Turning to Brittany, we welcome M. Paul Sébillot's very well-arranged and interesting collection of traditions, for the most part taken down from the lips of peasants. One old woman who had seen fairies is still alive, or was alive very lately. We propose to select a few examples of odd coincidences in folk-lore from M. Sébillot's book. Few myths are better known than that of the swallowing of his children by Kronos. Zeus was born, a stone was substituted for the child, Kronos swallowed the stone, and all his children came to life from his body in perfect health. The swallowing and reproducing myth is African and Australian; but we are surprised to find that the stone wrapped up in swaddling-bands and devoured by mistake for a child recurs in Brittany. "At St. Juliac a menhir only a metre in height is said to be a tooth Gargantua broke when swallowing in a hurry a stone wrapped up in swaddling-bands, which he supposed to be one of his children." This anecdote makes us look forward with

\* *Thibetan Tales, derived from Indian Sources.* Translated from the Thibetan of the *Kah-Gyur*, by F. Anton von Schiefner. Done into English, with an Introduction, from the German, by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

*Traditions de la Haute Bretagne.* Par Paul Sébillot. Paris: Maisonneuve et Cie. 1882.

pleasure to M. Sébillot's book on "Gargantua in Popular Tradition." Rabelais's hero is, of course, much older than Rabelais, and has a semi-religious legend of his own. There is a rock at Guerehmen which was a dog petrified by St. Convezon. There is a rock in Victoria which was a man petrified by hearing a wild dog speak. As a rule, the Breton *Märchen* have nothing to say about the great standing stones; only about a dozen *contes* out of some four hundred refer to this feature of the country. Probably the stories are, in origin, older than the stones. In Berry and at Ercé, as in the South Sea Islands, the belief exists in stones which grow, or propagate their species; in either case having, like all the world in primitive belief, the attributes of life. Neolithic axes are, in Brittany as elsewhere, called "thunderbolts," and used as talismans. They were built into the foundations of houses, to serve magically as lightning conductors. We have seen a neolithic axe found in extending the buildings of an inn in Galloway, but we do not know whether the custom of laying such weapons in foundations of houses has ever prevailed in Scotland. Small flint arrow-heads are made into necklets, as was the practice of the ancient Etruscans. The magic formula addressed to a neolithic weapon is—

Pierre, pierre,  
Garde moi de tonnerre.

"Sainte Fleur," in another chant, is probably the May blossom, thus canonized, like Sainte Ampoule, by the ignorant. We have seen "Cendreusette" become "Sainte Rosette" in a Mentonese version of "Cinderella."

There does not seem to be much real worship of stones or trees in French-speaking Brittany. The adored trees are sometimes sanctified by the presence of a statue of the Virgin or of a saint. Magical fountains and wishing wells are, naturally, not infrequent. Almost every commune has its wonder-working water. Fairies chiefly live in the sea-caves and the barrows. They are usually beautiful, and are known as "the good ladies." They are not visible in this century, because 1800 is an even number; but in the twentieth century they are expected to return. As in Scotch folklore, he who rubs his eyes with a certain ointment can see the fairies. The anecdotes told about the good folk tally almost exactly with Scotch, Irish, and modern Greek tales of the same character. If baptized, they lose their immortality. In place of the Scotch Whuppiy Stoury, and the German Rumpelstiltskin, we have a Breton fairy called Grignon. Brownies, or Lutins, are as common as in Russia or Scotland. The Kelpy which cried "The Hour is come, but not the Man," has his parallel in Brittany. "Walking at night by a stream, a farmer heard a voice say, 'Where is he whose hour is come?' Presently a man rushed past the farmer without a word, and dashed into the water, which closed bubbling over him." This story was told by Françoise Dumont, "who heard it from the farmer to whom the adventure happened." As it also "happened" in Scotland, we fear it must be set down as a widely-spread legend. "Arthur's Hunt" is a common phenomenon, so are the ghostly creatures that wash dead men's shrouds in the moonlight. In Berry these apparitions are the souls of women who have killed their own children. The traditions about animals of a supernatural sort, or supernaturally endowed, should be read along with M. Rolland's books. They are very remarkable, and important to the mythologist, containing very singular traits found among Aztecs, Zulus, and Aryans of India. But few historical characters have left the faintest trace in peasant memory. The peasant has learned little and not forgotten much since his ancestors ran wild in the woods and believed the rambling creeds of savages. Arthur, Duguesclin, the Princess Anne, the Chouans, the monks, have not quite passed out of recollection, but they are vague figures mixed up with older legends and immemorial superstitions. M. Sébillot's book should form part of every library of folklore, and its excellent type and paper recommend it to the bibliophile.

#### ROMAN CAMEOS AND FLORENTINE MOSAICS.\*

IT is a pity that this really good little book should have so foolish a title. *Roman Cameos and Florentine Mosaics* suggests a disquisition on the work of the lapidary, and not a series of essays bearing on the Italian Renaissance. The second title does more distinctly indicate the character of the book; but it can scarcely be expected that any one will be so precise as to quote it in conversation. The book will be called by the name on the cover, and this name is even in a metaphorical sense inappropriate. Miss Yonge has indeed made us familiar with the idea of historical cameos in her charming little scenes from English history, and one or two of the studies before us answer to the same metaphorical description. It is not, however, easy to see why those which especially concern Florentine matters are called mosaics. Between the cameo and the mosaic there is but little likeness; but there seems no difference in the treatment of Roman and Florentine subjects. Each essay, while it is complete in itself, forms part of a skillfully-designed treatise. So far the book might, if it were considered needful to give it a fanciful name, be called a Mosaic, but then Roman Cameos would be out of place. The title, however, is but a small matter when once the book is opened. If the name

was intended to invest it with a spurious worth, the writer has done his work injustice. Nor does the translator seem to appreciate the book on which she has been engaged. In the editor's preface—for, on the strength of a few worthless notes, this higher title is assumed—after a little preachment about the way in which we ought to develop our "body, soul, and spirit" in our holidays, this book is recommended as a means of enabling "busy people to view the contents of galleries and museums with some idea of their place in history," as if it were a rather superior sort of guide-book. Herr Gebhart has, indeed, been unlucky in his translator and editor. Frequent misspellings, such as Ansonius (p. 33) and Bartolomeo (p. 186); instances of barbarous confusion of tongues, such as Dietrich of Verona (p. 69), and Ste. Catherine of Siena (p. 97); inconsistencies in spelling the same name, as, for example, Machiavelli (p. 92) and Macchiavel (p. 94), Girolamo Savonarola (p. 121), and the marvellous translation of *Hieronymi Ferrariensis effigies* as *Jerome of Savonarola* (p. 89), annoy the eye of the reader and disfigure the work of a scholar. Nor can we forbear noticing the utter want of good taste exhibited in the notes appended to the last essay, in which the sorrows and sufferings of the patriot Leopardi are made the text of exhortations to "glory in tribulation."

From these external defects it is pleasant to turn to the matter of the book itself. Eight short essays throw various lights on the Italian Renaissance. A complete and continuous work on this inexhaustible subject is promised by the author, and the first fruits of his labours are so full of thought and beauty that we shall look forward with pleasure to their full harvest. It is evident that the little book before us follows the lines of a larger work, and something is sacrificed to this in clearness of arrangement and connexion. The plan of the whole and the place of each essay may be gathered from the author's preface. To illustrate the sense of beauty and the love for it which made Italy the home of the Renaissance, Herr Gebhart begins with a lively picture of Epicureanism at Pompeii. The connexion between this subject and the general idea of the book seems rather slender. Epicureanism, widely as it prevailed in Italy, was ever a stranger there. It was the resource of men who were debarred from that political life which has been at all times to an Italian as the very breath of his nostrils. The Epicureans were wealthy men who were not heroic enough to shatter themselves against Imperialism in the attempt to enter on a life from which they were shut out. Captive Greece taught them her arts; and, as the noble withdrew from a society in which he was no longer the force he once had been, he took with him the means of making life pleasant and beautiful. He had no longer any reason for courting the people, no longer any place to fill in the State. He shunned the noisy crowd of clients, and absolved himself even from domestic duties. Cultivated tastes adorned his life, and carefully regulated self-indulgence made it easy. Herr Gebhart has given us a vivid picture of this life on the shores of the Bay of Naples, of the house of Sallust, and the languid pleasures of Pliny. This selfish seclusion was not truly Italian. The self-sufficing Epicurean of Pompeii has little in common with the true child of the Renaissance, full of eager hopes and ambitions, a man of his own times, living with his neighbours, and jealous of their applause. Yet both alike were full of that æsthetic feeling which Italy first received from Greece, and then made peculiarly her own. On a society which found its highest expression on the shores of the Bay of Naples came the flood of barbarian invasion, and swept it away. The darkness of night settled down on Italy and Western Europe. Among the stately or picturesque remains of the middle ages people are apt to forget how dark that night was, and how full of suffering. The very sights which now please our eyes tell their tale of ceaseless insecurity:—

Mark the covered bridges connecting the palace with the prison or citadel, like that by which Clement VII. took refuge in the castle of St. Angelo from the sack of Rome; note the massive signorial strongholds, like those at Florence, fit to brave any assault—the castles perched like eagles' nests on the summits of a mountain peak, like Acqua-pendente, or ranged along a wall of rock as at Narni, or protected by Pelagic ramparts as at Cortona, or squeezed between the sides of some ravine as at Bacharach or Oberwesel on the Rhine; and then remind yourself that the enemy is everywhere, well armed and unscrupulous. Now it is the vagabond soldier in rusty armour—now the ragged, wandering student, who begs by day, and at night lies in wait for the timid townsman under the shadow of the church-porch—now it is the gipsy lurking at the city-gate to steal away the children, or the baron watching from the dungeon-tower for the travelling merchant, that he may come down upon him across the vineyards with his armed followers, to rob him of purse or life. The farms of the Roman Campagna are still furnished with square towers, vestiges of the days when Petrarch dared not go from Ostia to Rome without being escorted by a hundred horsemen, when the Colosseum was the lurking place for banditti and savage dogs, and one did not venture into its solitudes, even in broad daylight, but at considerable risk.

The life of the middle ages was darkened by barbarian invasions, by war and robbery, by merciless punishments, famines and pestilences. In the blackness of this darkness there were men who struggled after light. The "Everlasting Gospel" of Joachim of Flora was the expression of a longing after spiritual freedom. An eager thirst for learning brought crowds to the feet of the teachers of philosophy, and drove men to give up all for the sake of knowledge, until at last the line of great scholars culminated in Roger Bacon, the prophet of a new age. The Crusades kindled the imagination with thoughts of beauty and splendour. Heroic lays and the voices of troubadours and minnesingers spoke the craving after poetry. With so many aspirations after light, the day seemed to be near at hand. The renewed

\* *Roman Cameos and Florentine Mosaics; a Series of Studies: Historical, Critical, and Artistic.* By Emil Gebhart. Translated and Edited by M. Jeaffreson. London: Remington & Co. 1882.



darkness and disenchantment which saddened the searchers after light are well described, though the causes of this falling back are scarcely hinted at. It is true that "as time rolled on humanity seemed to have dwindled to a meaner type," that "in the days of Philippe le Bel the world no longer belonged to paladins, but to lawyers and attorneys," though these expressions are rather rhetorical. But the intellectual darkness which oppressed Western Europe during this period arose from several causes. Chief among them were the long war between France and England, with all its terrible consequences, and the troubles which arose from the Papal Captivity and Schism. From the sadness and mockery which followed disenchantment Europe was saved by Italy. As the three greatest Italians in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, Dante, Savonarola, and Michael Angelo are made the subjects of a short and rather unsatisfactory study. A connecting link between Dante and Savonarola, as "the precursors and teachers of Michael Angelo," is found "in absence of cheering light." They were indeed in the midst of darkness, which, in the case at least of Dante, comprehended him not. Yet to say (p. 87) that "both went on groping among the shadows until their tragic deaths" is to pass a strange sentence on these children of the light. Dean Church has well remarked in his essay on the great Florentine poet that "light is to Dante the special and chosen source of poetic beauty." The physical light in which he rejoiced found its reflection within him. Though the spirit of the exile was chastened by sorrow, it was never clouded by doubt. Slight as is the notice which is given us of the poet, it is sufficient to show some want of appreciation of his character and work. At the very outset it is tainted with the common error of supposing that Dante espoused the Ghibelin cause, "not understanding that even under bad or indifferent Popes the Holy See represented theoretically the national independence of Italy." Dante was not a Ghibelin. He did indeed break with the extreme Guefts of Florence, and joined the party of the *Bianchi*, who in time were forced by their enemies into Ghibelism. But he saw clearly how Ghibelins as well as Guefts were unfaithful to the common cause of law and right symbolized by the Imperial ensign. The Gueft would supplant that ensign by the lilies of France; the Ghibelin would use it for his own factious purposes:—

L' uno al pubblico segno i gigli gialli  
Oppone, e quel s' appropria l' altro a parte,  
Sì ch' è forte a veder qual più si falli.  
Faccian li Ghibellini, faccian lor arte  
Sott' altro segno; che mal segue quello  
Sempre chi la giustizia e lui diparte.

How far Dante was from setting the Emperor in opposition to or above the Pope may be read in almost every chapter of the *De Monarchia*. His hopes for Italy were based on a system in which the Pope and the Emperor, each in his own sphere, should exercise a world-wide authority, of which Rome was the rightful seat. In his clear vision there was no darkness. So also was it with Savonarola. Both were mistaken as to the things which were to be; both struggled against brute force and failed. To speak of either one or the other as groping in darkness shows a failure to apprehend the light which shone within them. The effect of the teaching of Dante and Savonarola on the life and work of Michael Angelo is well brought out; and, often as the paintings of the Sistine Chapel have been described, they are here portrayed with a vigour and discernment which makes the description welcome.

Along with the sentiment of beauty there existed in the Italian mind a strong political faculty. How this faculty by its sense of reality affected Italian art, in bringing it from idealism to nature, is a subject which would bear fuller treatment than the limits of this little book allow. It bore its most remarkable fruit in the work of the Italian historians. The Florentine and Venetian historians stand alone in the philosophic treatment of their subjects, and of these two, the Florentines take by far the higher place. From the earliest years of the fourteenth century, the Chronicle of Villani begins a series of histories written in a spirit of investigation into the causes of events. Dealing with the revolutions and progress of their own State, the Florentine historians of the Renaissance perceived the connexion between economy and politics, and devoted themselves to working out the problems which underlay political phenomena. In a chapter on "Florentine Historians and the Beginnings of Political Economy," the history of the incidence of taxation, which lay at the root of the domestic struggles of Florence, is taken as an example of this philosophic style of writing. The special traits of the Florentine historians are to be found in their perfection in Guicciardini and Macchiavelli. Diplomats and statesmen, as well as authors, they combined practical experience with powers of investigation and argument. Exact observation of all economic questions led the historians of Florence to wide views on the theory of government and its proper development. From Villani to Macchiavelli they belong to a different class from that of the chroniclers of earlier times or other countries. They stand in literature in the same relation to Malaspina as the painters from Giotto to Raffaello do to their predecessors. In virtue of the method they pursued, as well as of the excellence of their work, they belong to the Renaissance. A separate study is devoted to Raffaello as the crowning glory of the new awakening. The various influences which affected his work are made the means of bringing in some just, though not particularly original, remarks on some of the painters of earlier schools. In the estimate of Raffaello's position there is some exaggeration. He may perhaps be truly called

"the greatest painter that the world has ever seen," for he took all that was best in those who had worked before him, yet he copied no one, for, as he took his inspirations, they became his own. At the same time his headship in one art does not entitle him to be called "the head of the Renaissance in the sixteenth century," for he failed in reaching excellence when he touched other arts, and Mr. Symonds, in his volume on the Fine Arts, shows a better judgment by refusing to place him "among the many-sided heroes of the Renaissance." Yet the impression which he has made upon the world is evidenced by the estimate which is generally formed of Leo X. For from Raffaello's genius and from Raffaello's portrait of that Pope comes, to no small extent, the mistaken idea which ranks him as the patron of the noblest workers of the Renaissance. The true place he occupied is clearly defined by Herr Gebhart in a sketch of his life and character. With the sack of Rome the Italian Renaissance perished. The light which had been kindled by the torch of Italy burned in lands beyond the Alps; in the land where it first shone it was quenched by violence and tyranny. To the closing scene which describes how once more the barbarians brought political and intellectual death upon Italy, a last essay is added on "one of those writers who gave to their country a second intellectual Renaissance, and were preparing its political renovation." The sketch of Leopardi is sympathetic, but it dwells too much on his private sorrows and too little on his work and times. To have seen his land sold into slavery by the Congress of Vienna, and the hopes of Naples and of Piedmont crushed by the influence of the Holy Alliance, to have witnessed the bitter end of the rising in Central Italy in 1831, to have known the failure and derision which waited on the first attempt of Mazzini, might well cause Leopardi to despair. Yet, despairing as he did of the future of his country, the love and pride with which he regarded her caused his verses to inspire those who, like Giusti, lived in days when hope seemed not unreasonable. He bore his part in that "political renovation" of which our eyes have seen the fulfilment. Can it be said that "the intellectual Renaissance," which seemed so abiding in his days, in which he and his friend Cardinal Mai, Manzoni, Nicolini, and many others bore their parts, has ever fulfilled its brilliant promise?

#### LANG'S HELEN OF TROY.\*

HELEN OF TROY! a goodly name, and a goodly theme!

Some little while ago Mr. Lang, writing of the poetry of Mr. William Morris, remarked of his *Life and Death of Jason*, how little likelihood there must have seemed of the modern world listening with interest and excitement to "a myriad times told tale, in which all the incidents were familiar, and the end known beforehand." Some such thought may possibly have come to him as he was meditating his *Helen of Troy*, and from Mr. Morris's success he may have drawn comforting auguries of his own. Who listens once, the proverb says, will listen twice. "In a literary age like our own, in an age of criticism, epigram, pretty idyl, in the age of Theocritus and the Ptolemies, a poet had ventured to tell once more the tale of Argo, and had found the world not unwilling to hear him." And if the tale of Argo, why not the tale of Argive Helen? In this age of epigram and criticism, in "this ghastly thin-faced time of ours," as Mr. Swinburne sings, surely so spacious a subject as the "tale of Troy divine" should be thrice and four times welcome. There are themes which can never grow old, of which mankind can never weary of hearing. If no writer must set his hand to a subject that his fore-runners have treated, the world nowadays would perhaps get almost too clear an appreciation of what Mr. Carlyle used to call the divineness of silence. Nay, and has not a young poet (Mr. Lang will understand, we are sure, that we use the epithet in no discourteous sense) the best possible authority for selecting a subject that others have handled before him? "With a given material," says the Wise Man, "all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. Indeed, I would advise the choice of subjects that have been worked before. How many Iphigenias have been written! Yet they are all different, for each writer considers and arranges the subject differently—namely, after his own fashion." How much more pleasant to remember is such advice than that other proffered by Celia to Orlando, which has been heard often enough since, and in less kindly accents:—"You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise"—and, after all, Orlando threw Charles!

Yet in all such cases comparisons will to a certain extent be made, and cannot but be made. There is a story told of Charles Dickens that, being asked what he thought of Arthur Sketchley's *Mrs. Brown*, he made answer, with a pardonable recollection of his own *Mrs. Gamp*, that he thought it very funny, but that he also thought he had heard something like it before. In reading Mr. Lang's book—and no one, we are sure, is more conscious of this than Mr. Lang himself—it is inevitable that memories should arise of "some things" more or less like it that we have read before; no less inevitable that with these memories should arise, too, a desire for comparison, not by any means necessarily in its more odious shape. Not a comparison born of that desire, so dominant in many minds, instead of discovering and praising the beauties

\* *Helen of Troy*. By A. Lang. London: George Bell & Sons. 1882.

native and appropriate to each subject, to make the beauty of the one a reason why there must be something deformed in the other (a condition of mind which, as has been happily said, cannot enjoy the shimmer of the ash-leaves without pointing a finger of scorn at the stately repose of the cedar), but rather a desire to note how the same subject presents itself to different minds; how this feature is brought prominently forward by one writer, and that by another; how the material ignored or rejected by one craftsman becomes in the hands of another the most effective of ornaments, or, it may be, even the chief corner-stone itself. How many and how diverse are the Helens that have been written of, Mr. Lang has himself set forth in his appendix—which, let us here say, we heartily commend to every reader of his poem. Within the short compass of twenty pages he passes in review the whole range of Helen-literature from Homer to Mr. Swinburne; and this he does, not only with admirable clearness and conciseness, but with a freedom from all pedantry that is as remarkable as it is refreshing. In this field, indeed, the field of critical scholarship, Mr. Lang moves with so sure a step and so easy carriage that it is possible some of his readers may find it in their hearts to wish he had given them a little more of the appendix and a little less of the poem. So much we will not say; but we will permit ourselves to say that Mr. Lang has himself raised up no inconsiderable rival to his poetry.

Through this appendix we do not propose to follow Mr. Lang, nor to discuss the reasons that tell for or against his heroine. It will suffice to say that, as staunch a champion of Helen as Mr. Gladstone himself, he maintains more emphatically than Homer that the gods alone were to blame for her misdeeds. That offences would come by her she knew, but she was powerless to prevent them. One of Mr. Lang's critics has used a great many words to show that this "conception of Helen fails to commend itself" to him, and has talked most learnedly of mythology, and phenomena of the universe, and personalities of gods and demigods, and heaven knows what else. But he does not seem to have read what he calls "the very interesting appendix" to much account when he talks of no reference being made therein to the union of Helen to Achilles in the sacred island; nor has he read the Iliad to much account when he states that only in the Odyssey is any attempt made to shift the blame from Helen to the gods. To consider in such wise is, it seems to us, to consider a little too curiously. Helen seems to this critic so essentially a Homeric creation that he cannot think it "expedient to show her other than she appears in the Homeric poem." But Mr. Lang's Helen, though he calls her Helen of Troy, is more truly the Argive Helen. Her Trojan life is in his poem no more than an episode. In all essentials she is, so far as that life is concerned, the Helen of Homer, and for what else he makes of her he can find authority enough in ancient writ. But we are not going to defend the matter of Mr. Lang's poem. So far as any defence may be necessary for his treatment of a character so essentially belonging to the cloudland of fable, it will be found in his appendix.

But the manner is a different thing. The same critic who has found fault with his matter has no words but those of praise for the manner. He finds the workmanship "delicate and dainty," and the whole poem "charged with Greek feeling." What is meant by Greek feeling? If it is meant that Mr. Lang has read with care and appreciation the Greek writers who have written of Helen, and has made good and discriminative use of what he has read, we are certainly at one with the critic. But if it is meant that the poem is written in the Greek spirit, then we must no less certainly differ with him, and we are sure of one at least who will be on our side, and that one is the author of *Helen of Troy*. Some of the happiest passages in the poem are those wherein Mr. Lang has gone straight to the great fountain-head of Homer; as when he tells, for example, how

Priam did what no man born hath done,  
Who dared to pass among the Argive bands,  
And clasp'd the knees of him that slew his son,  
And kiss'd his awful homicidal hands—

though we must confess, indeed, to no great liking for the word *homicidal*. As a literal equivalent for ἀνδροφόνους there is nothing to say against it; but it is not, we submit, one of those words in which "all the charm of all the Muses" is conspicuous. Better, perhaps, is the passage, which follows closely, where Helen breaks into lament over the dead Hector—

that one friend who still  
Stood by her with kind speech and gentle heart,  
The sword of war, pure faith, and steadfast will,  
That strove to keep all evil things apart.

There are some lines, too, of Mr. Lang's own, so far as we know, which, for their directness and rapidity of movement, as well as in that indefinable quality which we call the *grand style*, come nearer, perhaps, than any other passage in the book to the Homeric manner. They are those wherein Eneone's prophecy of his own doom to the father and slayer of her child is interrupted by the coming of the Greek fleet:—

"Yea, thou shalt die, and leave thy love behind,  
And little shall she love thy memory!  
But, oh ye foolish people, deaf and blind,  
What Death is coming on you from the sea?"  
Then all men turned, and lo, upon the lee  
Of Tenedos, beneath the driving rain,  
The countless Argive ships were racing free,  
The wind and oarsmen speeding them again.

But the spirit of Mr. Lang's poem throughout is essentially an English spirit, and the manner is essentially an English manner.

It is, indeed—which will surprise no one who remembers how highly he has praised that prince of latter-day storytellers—the manner of Mr. William Morris, and it is much, too, his spirit. But it is not always his manner or his spirit at their best for storytelling purposes. It has too much of the regretfulness, the "lovely melancholy" of *The Earthly Paradise*, and too little of the straightforwardness and vigour of *Jason*. Even in such a passage as the following, for all its grace and melody, the false note—false, that is, to the true epic spirit—surely strikes one:—

Even as she read, by Aphrodite's will,  
The cloud rolled back from Helen's memory:  
She saw the city of the rifted hill,  
Fair Lacedæmon, 'neath her mountain high;  
She knew the swift Eurotas running by  
To mix his sacred waters with the sea,  
And from the garden close she heard the cry  
Of her beloved child, Hermione.  
Then instantly the horror of her shame  
Fell on her, and she saw the coming years;  
Famine, and fire, and plague, and all men's blame,  
The wounds of warriors and the women's fears;  
And through her heart her sorrow smote like spears,  
And in her soul she knew the utmost smart  
Of wives left lonely, sires bereaved, the tears  
Of maidens desolate, of loves that part.  
She drain'd the dregs out of the cup of hate;  
The bitterness of sorrow, shame, and scorn;  
Where'er the tongues of mortals curse their fate,  
She saw herself an outcast and forlorn;  
And hating sore the day that she was born,  
Down in the dust she cast her golden head,  
There with rent raiment and fair tresses torn,  
At feet of Corythus she lay for dead.

If we think of the passages in Homer wherein Helen "displays the grace of penitence," the difference will be clear. It must be confessed, moreover, that Mr. Lang's admiration for his model seems sometimes to have led him unwittingly into too express rivalry with him. In the eleventh and twelfth stanzas of his Third Book this may be notably seen; and also in the stanzas of his Fifth Book which narrate the death of Paris, where he inevitably forces us to measure him with perhaps the finest passage in all Mr. Morris's writings.

But we must not fall into the vice we have repudiated, and compare only to depreciate. The main defect of Mr. Lang's poem, or rather, let us say, the cause which tends mainly to hinder our unqualified satisfaction in reading it, is its brevity. It may sound a strange thing in these days, perhaps, to say of a single poem of nearly two hundred pages that it is too short; but certainly it seems to us that Mr. Lang has not allowed himself scope enough for his subject. It is less a poem than the materials for a poem; less an epic than a string of episodes. It is, in short, not so much the tale of Helen of Troy as a rhymed summary of all that Mr. Lang's reading has taught him of her; but a summary touched often with the charm of feeling, moving sometimes with the directness and rapidity essential to storytelling, and rhymed always with admirable grace and dexterity. So much, we think, no one can dispute, and so much all must welcome. The charm of good workmanship is too rare in these days to be passed lightly by because it is not found in the company of those still greater qualities whose handmaid it is. Mr. Lang has been styled a "poetical craftsman." He is so; he is a craftsman of very high merit. And though a poetical craftsman is not quite the same thing as a poet, yet the greatest poets have ever been the greatest craftsmen.

#### THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE.\*

THIS is not the first of Herr Ebers's novels which has been made accessible to English readers; but it is the first, we believe, of which a translation has been published in England. We do not think the choice altogether a happy one; at any rate this is not the book we should recommend to an English reader desirous of making acquaintance with Herr Ebers at his best. Not that we have any fault to find with the translation; on the contrary, it is one of the best we have ever met with. Neither is the workmanship of the original inferior to Herr Ebers's average. But he has attacked a subject presenting peculiar and almost insurmountable difficulties to the writer of fiction, or rather one difficulty that sums up all the rest. This is, to use a paradox which will forthwith explain itself, that the subject is too good. The siege of Leyden is one of the most famous and stirring events recorded in modern history. Nothing could be more tragic than its vicissitudes, nothing more glorious than its issue. The barest recital of the city's heroic endurance, and of its relief as by a miracle at the moment when the limits of endurance were reached, is moving beyond any invention of romance. Herr Ebers has taken this tale for the framework of a study of domestic character; and the result is that the frame kills the picture. The interest of the last chapter, which might almost have been transcribed from Motley, overshadows everything that has gone before; the fictitious or half-fictitious persons of the story, like the ghosts in Homer, "fit as it were shadows" in the presence of these tremendous realities. It would have been possible for a Scott or a Dumas

\* *Die Frau Bürgermeisterin*. Roman von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart und Leipzig. 1882.

*The Burgomaster's Wife: a Tale of the Siege of Leyden*. By Georg Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.



to make the siege of Leyden the base of an historical novel of the large and adventurous type. He might have carried us backwards and forwards between the Spanish camp and the beleaguered city, led us through hairbreadth 'scapes of despatch-bearers and sorties, and followed step by step the fortunes of the relieving flotilla. This is not what Herr Ebers has attempted. A few novelists of the first rank could—one or two perhaps would—have dealt more subtly with the theme. They would have shown us, not Leyden blockaded by the Spanish armies, but a street or a house in Leyden, and the daily life of its inmates through the days of siege and hunger. The public misery and dread, the despair of men driven by the Spaniard into pestilence and famine, and all but cast back by famine and pestilence upon the Spanish sword, would be not described but felt. Such a task, concentrated within self-imposed limits, could have been accomplished only by the minute fidelity of a Defoe or by the genius of a Balzac. It is in this direction that Herr Ebers has worked; it is no disparagement to his powers to say that the achievement is shown to be above them.

In this direction, we say; we do not suppose that Herr Ebers deliberately chose between the plans we have suggested. Indeed, he seems to hesitate now and then between the two methods. On the whole, however, the siege of Leyden (although the best part of the action passes within the town) is not so much the ground as the background of the story; and we are constrained to say that, like many backgrounds to be seen on the stage, it irritates us by its particular combination of ambition and inadequacy. It is just so near being very good that one is angry with it for not being better; if it were worse, we should pass it by with equanimity, and take it as a matter of course that the fact is more interesting. We can accept a stage moon if it is not made to rise in the heavens with the velocity of a meteor, and pulled up on the meridian with the suddenness of a vacuum brake. Herr Ebers's historical apparatus is too like the erratic full moon (it is always full) of modern managers. Give us rather an honest Moonshine, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn. In the same author's former novels the historical element is far more successfully worked in—partly, perhaps, because it is more remote from our common knowledge, and we admire the feat of having made it plausible at all. If in *Uarda* the Egyptians of a generation contemporary with Moses discourse remarkably like modern Germans or Italians, still we know so little, even after all that Egyptologists have done, of the minds and ways of ancient Egyptians that it is hard to see what else a novelist could make them do. But it is not merely this success of a *tour de force* that we find in Herr Ebers's antiquarian romances. His studies have led him into a living and artistic sympathy with the societies and movements in which his scenes are laid. *Homo Sum* is a book not only of learning and ingenious construction, but of real and strong human interest. We do not know what has now moved Herr Ebers to quit a field which he had made his own, and go forth on the common ground of historical romance-writers. In our opinion he has done himself injustice by it. The scenery and accessories of *Die Frau Bürgermeisterin* have been most carefully worked up, but the story seems told from the outside. With much excellence of parts, the whole fails to live and go. Those incidents which a romance-writer would naturally make the most of, using the historical truth as a vehicle for the adventures of his characters, are brought in by way of comment, or sometimes reported in conversation by one or another of the persons of the tale, just as we find them in history. We would not compare Herr Ebers's work to the *Charities* and *Gallus* which we studied at school along with our classical dictionaries; but there are points in *Die Frau Bürgermeisterin* which come near to savouring of that unpardonable offence against art, the illicit conveyance of useful knowledge.

Here is a passage describing a meeting at the Burgomaster's house, when the siege of Leyden was threatened, but the place not yet invested:—

A hat is the badge of liberty, and a free man keeps his hat on; so the Burgomaster's guests sat at table with their heads covered; and how becoming to the venerable Lord of Nordwyk, with his hale, fresh face, and to the shrewd and thoughtful countenance of his nephew, Janus Dousa, were their tall, plaited bonnets of dark-red velvet, with a thick curled feather trimming; how handsome Jan van Duivenvoorde, the young Seigneur of Warmond, looked with his waving locks beneath his broad-brimmed hat, in which there waved a blue and orange ostrich-plume—the colours of the Prince! How full of health and of character were the faces collected round the table! Hardly one was devoid of a fresh, bright colour; and robust vitality, clear good sense, immovable resolve, and iron tenacity, spoke in many a blue eye. Even the members of the Council, in their black dress, and who were well suited in their plaited ruffs, or their smooth white neckcloths, did not look as if the dust of archives had dulled their vigour; while the moustache of one, and the square or flowing beard of another, gave them a manly aspect. Each was cheerfully ready to sacrifice himself and all he owned for a supreme moral gain, and yet each looked as though his foothold on life were steadfast and sure; there was no sign of over-exaltation in those wise and gravely thoughtful faces; a trace of it perhaps sparkled in the eyes of the young Lord of Warmond, and Janus Dousa's gaze now and then had an absorbed look, as if turned inward to seek some hidden vein of thought, and in such moments his sharply-cut but irregular features acquired a singular charm. . . .

The brightly-lighted table round which such a noble handful had met offered a gay and handsome show. The yellow buff jerkins worn by the Baron van Warmond, by Mulder the Colonel, and by Allertsohn, the Captain of the town forces, and the gay hues of the silk scarfs they tied across them, with the bright red coat of brave Dirk Smaling, stood out in pleasing contrast to the black garments of Parson Verstoort, of the Burgomaster himself, of the Town-clerk, and of their fellow-councillors. The purple suit of the Prince's envoy, and the dark tints of the fur-trimmed cloaks worn by the Seigneurs of Nordwyk and Montfoort blended agreeably

and harmoniously with the lighter and darker hues. All that was sad or gloomy seemed banished far enough from this motley-coloured and animated assembly; their speech was free and eager, and their voices were steady and deep.

As a pictorial description this is excellent. It raises a strong presumption that Herr Ebers has not only seen but carefully studied the masterpieces of Frans Hals and Van der Helst, the so-called Corporation pictures of the Dutch galleries, where the officers of a free corps or shooting club are presented in their festal habits. Herr Ebers has carried away vivid and just impressions from Amsterdam and Haarlem, and knows how to reproduce them in well-chosen words. But just there is the weak point; they come straight out of the picture-gallery; they are not fused with the novelist's creation. It is not the men, after all, but a picture. That those same Netherlands, expecting every day to fight for their lives, and for the lives and honour of their families, against King Philip's servants, should moralize in an elaborate High-German fashion, is less to be complained of; we know that those who were scholars found time to write Latin verses.

The main idea from which the book has taken its name is the perfecting of an originally imperfect sympathy between husband and wife through the husband's gradual discovery that the wife is capable of rising to the height of his duties and sharing all extremes of fortune with him. This husband is Van der Werff, a real person, celebrated by history as the burgomaster of Leyden during the siege, who held out in spite of the prayers, and even threats, of the less stout-hearted. So far Herr Ebers's plot is legitimate enough; but the development of character, and the interest of the domestic situations, are hardly commensurate with the surroundings. We cannot say that we are much taken with the Burgomaster's wife as a heroine; she is occupied during the first half of the book in working up grievances against her husband for supposed want of confidence, with a sensibility which the reader is expected to think charming (*Zärtlichkeit* is the intended note of it, we fancy), but which to the English mind appears little better than fussiness and vanity; and this is the knot which in the second half nothing less than the siege of Leyden can untie. There is an under-plot or by-plot of more human interest, and its management is decidedly ingenious; but the people who take part in it are still rather shadowy, and the nearest thing to an adventure which it produces is an unmolested passage through the Spanish camp with a password furnished by Catholic friends. Perhaps the best of the minor characters is a bustling captain and fencing-master called Allertsohn. By dint of reading an old romance of Charlemagne in his childhood, and hearing the legend of Pythagoras in his youth, he believes himself to be the successor of Roland by transmigration, and his habitual oath is "Roland, mein Vormann." He has a favourite attack which he is deeply anxious to try in serious warfare; and this he does with success in a skirmish at the beginning of the investment, killing according to the rules of art a wicked Spanish officer whom the plot otherwise requires to be killed; but he is made to fall shortly afterwards, which seems a gratuitous addition to the general calamities of the siege. Herr Ebers has committed an unlucky anachronism in the person of this captain. His pet attack is described by himself as a sequence of *quarte*, *tierce*, and *seconde* ("Seitenssekunde" in the original, whatever its precise meaning may be). Now the siege of Leyden took place in 1574; the modern terms of fencing were not in use till a generation later or thereabouts, and then it was some time before their meaning became fixed. Allertsohn's talk would have been of *mandrillas*, *stoccatas*, *imbroccatas*, and *punta riversas*—terms which are probably quite as much understood by the majority of novel-readers as *quarte*, *tierce*, and *seconde*. Dumas, however, abounds in similar anachronisms; and it might be hypercritical to notice such a point, were it not that Herr Ebers is nothing if not extremely accurate. What Allertsohn's attack is intended for, assuming the terms to have their modern sense, we confess ourselves unable to discover, unless it is a slight variation of the familiar movement known in the school as "one, two, three."

If we have not been able to speak with complete satisfaction of the original, we have no reservations to make as to the merit of Mrs. Bell's translation. The French or German writer is fortunate who meets with so conscientious and artistic an interpreter. Adequate knowledge of the author's tongue, used with diligence and combined with judgment and taste in the wording of the English, is sadly rare in this kind of work, and it is both a duty and a pleasure to do justice to these qualities when we find them. Mrs. Bell's version follows the German with the proper degree of closeness, neither too laxly nor too slavishly, and makes good and readable English. One circumstance will show the pains that have been taken. Sundry Dutch names, familiar diminutives and others, necessarily appear in a High-German dress in Herr Ebers's text. All these have been restored in the English to their proper Low-Dutch forms. Here and there Mrs. Bell has exercised a wise discretion in lightening a sentence of an adjective or so which to our English taste is otiose and hinders its flow. Sometimes, on the other hand, we should say that anxiety to find a precise equivalent has disturbed the balance of emphasis; thus, in the passage we have already quoted, "robust vitality, clear good sense, immovable resolve, and iron tenacity," stand for "derbe Lebenslust, heller Verstand, unerschütterliche Willenskraft und entschiedener Sinn." The first of these renderings is admirable, and the two next could not easily be mended; "iron tenacity" seems, however, a shade too strong for "entschiedener Sinn": "tenacity" alone would be enough, but possibly the

adjective was thrown in of set purpose to keep up the run of the sentence in English. In one place where there is a troublesome word-play, an old lover addressing the heroine as "einziges Weib," whereby she is recalled to her duty to her husband, Mrs. Bell has ingeniously preserved the motive, but at the cost of making the lover's speech extremely improbable. A man in that position could hardly say "sweetest wifely woman." Perhaps the difficulty might have been turned by some phrase introducing faith or truth. Most translators, however, would have clean missed the point, and made the woman's sudden revulsion of feeling unintelligible. We have noted only one positive mistake, and that is in a military detail where a lady may well be excused for tripping. An officer relating a skirmish with a superior force of Spaniards (the same in which the fencing-master anticipates the progress of his art by half a century, more or less), says that the enemy, who had been lying down in a ditch, fell on his company suddenly, yet not so much by surprise but that the musketeers could take post and deliver their fire ("sich niederlassen und die Luntten auf's Kraut legen"; literally, "lay their matches to their powder"). Mrs. Bell, mistaking the sense of *Kraut*, gives "The musketeers could lay their matchlocks down on the ground." As a matter of fact, we do not think the musketeers of that time ever lay down to fire after the fashion of modern skirmishing drill. Such venial errors, however, are hardly to be escaped. We hope that Mrs. Bell's next exercise of her skill may be on a more congenial subject; for we have been unable to conceal either from ourselves or from our readers the conviction forced upon us, notwithstanding our respect for the author and the merits in many details of the book itself, that in the main *Die Frau Bürgermeistersin* is a dull book.

#### MR. FURNIVALL ON SHAKSPEARE.\*

"SEE my Forewords to *Shakspeare and Holy Writ*, Marcus Ward, is." With these noble and convincing words does Mr. Furnivall end his "Introduction" to *The Royal Shakspeare*—an Introduction written, as he informs us, in 1877, and "partly revised" in 1881. The revision might possibly have been more than partial with advantage. Not the less is the Introduction, as it stands, a remarkable work, remarkable for kindness and condescension both to its subject and its readers, for a curious mingling of jauntiness and pedantry in style, for a strange method of spelling, and for an extraordinary amount of information concerning Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Furnivall's friends, Mr. Furnivall's works, the New Shakspeare Society, founded by Mr. Furnivall, and the paging of certain editions of works in Mr. Furnivall's possession to which Mr. Furnivall refers. Yet with a becoming modesty Mr. Furnivall thinks that he owes "an apology to my readers for the slightness and inequality of parts [the reservation is pleasing] of this Introduction. Most of it has been dragged (*sic*) out of me when out of sorts, in a Hamlet-like mood of putting off, and amid the pressure of other work. All the play-part was dictated to an amanuensis from old notes and recollections, and under constant injunctions to be short. But the intended thirty-two pages have grown to four times their length, and much that ought to have been said remains unsaid." With the concluding part of this apology, surely amongst the most remarkable apologies ever penned, we find ourselves unable entirely to agree. Catching a trick of incongruous quotation from Mr. Furnivall himself, we are inclined to remember those classic words of perhaps the best farce of the age, "On the contrary, I have had quite enough of you." The fact that this incongruity is suggested by our author we may proceed to illustrate, by a few curious instances which, as some of our readers have not yet heard, we will now proceed to relate to them. Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to tell us that he hates and despises Jacques; but, on the other hand, "Touchstone's devotion to Celia and his delightful humour draw me to him. He's worth a score of Jaqueses." We then have Jaques compared to Don John and to "Carlyle in his bad latter-day-pamphlets mood and water," and any mother is invited to ask herself whether Jaques's description of a baby is a just account of hers or any woman's. To this suggestion there is a footnote, "My friend Dr. George MacDonald's saying." Just above another footnote tells us Jaques is Laurence Sterne. Two pages before, "My friend Dr. Ingleby says," The moral of the play is much more concrete. This has a sweet reminiscence of Mr. Herbert Pocket and Mr. Waldengarver. On the same page we are told:—"I do wish," says a lady-friend, "there were more young men like him (Orlando) now-a-days, instead of the fashionable dandified creatures, budding Jaqueses, whom one sees in London ball-rooms now. But then one can't imagine Orlando at a ball, hoping to have the pleasure of the next dance and remarking on the heat of the room." From Mr. Furnivall himself, whose voice is surely even more weighty than the voices of his many friends whom he is for ever quoting, we learn of Rosalind that at tidings of Orlando "the impulsive girl throws off all her melancholy for ever, and jumps into the gayest chaffingest [Mr. Furnivall is by no means ill at these numbers] humour possible. But note the touch, 'alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?'" Does this mean—we hope it does not—that Mr. Furnivall's study of

Shakspeare and of the works of the New Shakspeare Society has led him to the conclusion, which a dull critic has lately expressed, that these words are a serious expression of alarmed modesty? Robbed of their sheer light-heartedness and invested with the "modesty" which has been demanded for them, they become immodest enough. On this point we hope, since there is nothing to prove the contrary, that Mr. Furnivall is at one with us, as we are in matter at one with him when, repeating "a girl-friend's words," he says that, "with all the reforming, cleaning, and whitewashing in the world, Oliver must have been a poor creature."

It is not fair to Mr. Furnivall's method to dwell too long on any one of the plays, all of which he discusses in the same charming style and with the same charming absence of false modesty either as regards himself or his many friends, quoted both in the text and, more especially, in his footnotes. Amongst many enticing remarks on Hamlet we find that "on this young university man comes the terrible blow of his idolized father's death. I call him young, as his father does, as he himself, Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia do, too; for, though he is thirty at the end of the few months of the play, yet he cannot be more than about twenty when the play begins." Then in a footnote, with the matter of which, as on a previous occasion, we agree, Mr. Furnivall, after his own fashion, tells us that, "so long as Shakspeare got his main point, his characters right, he didn't care twopence for accidentals." A few sentences further on we are told of Hamlet that "he grieves and meditates and falls in love. He moons and spoons." Then, in a footnote, we have "my friend" Mr. Richard Grant White's opinions, amongst them this amazing one, quoted with approval, that forbidding the First Player to mock Polonius "was of course ironical, like the traditional 'Don't duck him in the horse-pond.'" On the next page, again in a foot-note, "My friend Mr. Hargrove" presses upon Mr. Furnivall the suggestion—which, of course, has never occurred to anybody before—that Hamlet was hysterical. In the following page Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to give us a paraphrase of Hamlet's speech "What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever." The paraphrase is in these words:—"I've only killed your father. You really shouldn't be put out about a trifle like that. It's unreasonable." On the page after this Mr. Furnivall sums up Hamlet:—"Is there any other man in Shakspeare whom we feel such a longing to comfort? ask (*sic*) the bonniest and handsomest girl I ever lectured to. ('Pite renneeth soone in gentil herte.') But, while willing to sympathize to any extent in his weakness (which is my own), and in the ruin of his love, his nature, and his hope, I hold that what Hamlet wanted was some of the Ulysses will." To know that Hamlet's weakness is also Mr. Furnivall's own is in itself a liberal education.

Let us now, emulating Mr. Furnivall's own versatility of mood, turn from grave to gay, from *Hamlet* to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and quote without comment what is perhaps the most remarkable passage among many remarkable passages in this Introduction. Of the end of the play Mr. Furnivall has this to say:—"We all know what it means. The brightest, sunniest married life, comfort in sorrow, doubling of joy. And fancy Beatrice playing with her baby, and her husband looking on! Never child 'ud have had such fun since the creation of the world. The poet Campbell's story of this pair was an utter mistake; he never knew a Beatrice. Dogberry we must, alas! pass over, model of Mrs. Malaprop that he is, and of the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*." *Much Ado about Nothing* is, Mr. Furnivall tells us in a previous passage, "the central comedy of Shakspeare's middle happiest time"; and, it is also pleasing to learn from him, "it's part of the fun that both of the wittiest and sharpest folk in the play should be taken in by the shallow device of the duller people, on whom they, as superior beings, lookt down."

So in the case of *Othello*. Though, as our extracts must have convinced any unprejudiced reader, there is nothing but what is becoming both to Shakspeare and to Mr. Furnivall in his whole treatment of every play, in spite of the matter having been "dragged" out of him when out of sorts; yet here, as with *Much Ado about Nothing*, we cannot but think that nothing in the introducer's dealing with the subject becomes him like the leaving it. "The kiss on which he (*Othello*) dies shows where his love still was, and that must plead for him. Behind the nobleness of his nature were yet the jealousy, the suspicion, the mean cunning of the savage. Death to the adulteress was but the practice of his race. (Let us recollect that Gunpowder Plot was discovered on November 5, 1605, and pass to the murder of an earlier king)." We do accordingly pass to *Macbeth*, in which the victim was, no doubt, "an earlier king" than the victim intended by the contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot, and here we find an interesting example of Mr. Furnivall's system of "links" between Shakspeare's different plays. "We have no picture" in *Macbeth*, and this is strange enough, "of the sweet Desdemona listening to her Moor, going through her household tasks, and coming back to hear the wondrous story of his life; no bridal life, however short." The Spanish fleet, in short, we cannot see because it is not yet in sight. On the other hand, there are certain things which have not yet been in sight as to which Mr. Furnivall gives us valuable information. What happens in the play we can all learn by turning to our Shakspeare. What happened before the play we learn by turning to Mr. Furnivall. "Before the play opens there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder." *Wenn Herr Furnivall sagt so muss es wahr sein*: and now the notion that the first thought of the removing

\* *The Royal Shakspeare: the Poet's Works in Chronological Order. From the Text of Professor Delius. With "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Edward III." and an Introduction by F. J. Furnivall. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood from Original Designs. Vol. I. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Fetter, Galpin, & Co.*



of Duncan is put into Macbeth's head, or into his wife's, or into both, by the strange greeting of the witches must be forever abandoned. But this discovery takes us away from the "links" which are, between *Othello* and *Macbeth*: that the chief characters in both command an army, that their temptations are both from within and without—which is of course peculiar—"that the working of passion in both is alike quick, that the victims and murderers alike die, that Othello is accused of witchcraft as Macbeth practises it. . . . The murder of the King and the Ghost of Banquo connect the play with *Hamlet*, while the portents before Duncan's death are like those before the death of Hamlet's father and Julius Cæsar." In a footnote Mr. Furnivall definitively sets at rest a vexed question. "The porter scene," says the writer, and of course he knows, "is certainly genuine, and the assignment of its grim humour to a fifth-rate comic writer like Middleton is a great mistake. The folk who so assign it don't know Middleton; they just catch up his name from the witch songs, and stick it on to the porter, whom he never had anything like power enough to create." The authorship of yet other passages in the play is in the same fashion disposed of in this remarkable note, which ends with "See my discussion of the porter scene in *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, part II." Going on to *King Lear* we find that Mr. Furnivall thinks that "Lear must stand by itself as the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play, tho' it is linkt to the Group before it and the Lust or False Love Group which follows it"; and we presently discover that in "the second Ingratitude and Cursing Group" is *Coriolanus*. In dealing with this Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to commend Volunna's "beautiful rhythmic prose," and to show us why it is beautiful and rhythmic by marking it off into divisions, thus—"Had I | a doz | en sons | each in | my love | alike | I had rather | had eleven | die nobly | for their country | than one | volup | tuously | surfeit | out of | action. |"

But not the least curious parts of Mr. Furnivall's Introduction are those in which Shakespeare himself and his probable way of life are discussed. "Taking the boy to be the father of the man," says Mr. Furnivall near the beginning of his Introduction, "I see a square-built, yet lithe and active, fellow, with ruddy cheeks, hazel eyes, and auburn hair, as full of life as an egg is full of meat, impulsive, inquiring, sympathetic; up to any fun and daring; into scrapes, and out of them with a laugh; making love to all the girls; a favourite wherever he goes—even with the priests and fools he mocks; untroubled as yet with Hamlet doubts; but in many a quiet time communing with the beauty of earth and sky around him, with the thoughts of men of old in books, throwing himself with all his heart into all he does. Of course, every impulsive young fellow falls in love; and, of course, the girl he does it with is older than himself. Who is there of us that has not gone through the process, probably many times? young stupids we were, no doubt; so was Shakespeare." In a later passage we learn what Shakespeare thought on many subjects, among them the poor. "He doesn't show much sympathy with 'em, not so much as Chaucer, I think; but his representations of 'em are all in good part; and, like those of Chaucer and Dickens, make his hearers think kindly of the men they laugh at." He could not bear the enclosure of commons, and does not show much home feeling. "The hardness of early English home-life is seen in the Paston Letters, in the *Italian Relation of England*, in Lady Jane Grey's bringing up, &c. (See the Forewords to my *Babees' Book*, &c.)." The remarkable and typical words with which Mr. Furnivall closes and points his Introduction we have already quoted. For the edition thus introduced, the text is that of Professor Delius; the printing is excellent, the size and shape of the volumes inconvenient, while thus far it is impossible to give any praise to the illustrations. It may be added that amid the stuff "dragged" out of Mr. Furnivall will be found some curious and fine passages which he quotes from Mr. Spedding.

#### THE BOOKS OF THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.

WHEN a religious Society enters into competition with tradesmen, it must be judged as its rivals would be judged. Some publishers, we believe, grumble at the competition of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It may be worth while, before we examine the books it has recently issued, to examine the grounds on which such complaints are made. The Society, we are told, uses charitable funds in order to undersell firms which have no such capital available. This charge is based on a complete misconception. The publishing business of the Society is conducted on the most ordinary commercial principles. The profits are devoted to the extension and maintenance of the business, and the surplus is handed over to the charitable fund. So far from the Society taking money from the subscriptions to enable it to sell cheap books, it actually supplements those funds by handing over its surplus profits, and this to so large an extent that for several years past the sum thus added to the annual subscriptions has amounted to more than 6,000*l*. So that, to put the matter in the simplest form, the Society is enabled, not only to propagate its own views by means of its publications—in itself an object of primary importance—but to do this in a manner so eminently businesslike that a large income is added to the funds available for other purposes connected with its peculiar mission. All this has, of course, nothing at all to do with the merits or demerits of its books. These are naturally of a peculiar kind. But it is

well to remember that, in competing with other publishers, the Committee have the same right which any body of men—be they charitable or only mercantile—have to trade for a profit; and the fact that their profit is so large and so fairly earned only shows that, if the publishers of unsuccessful books could or would imitate their method, it would be better for authors, and perhaps also for the public. No doubt the Society has a large organization, but such an organization is not beyond the reach of any firm sufficiently enterprising. In the annual report the Committee claim to have aimed at nothing less than to make the Society "the great publishing agency of the Church of England." This extensive aspiration could not be successful unless the books published fulfilled a definite object, and that they have actually to a certain extent succeeded only shows that any other firm might have succeeded also by employing the same means. Had it been able to use its large influence, its credit, and its world-wide organization with the same freedom as an independent publisher, the Society would have proved a formidable competitor for the public favour. As it is, its workings are necessarily circumscribed. A committee decides on the manuscripts to be accepted, and, of course, commonplace carries the day. A strict censorship is employed in seeing that the trail of no serpent shall be marked across its pages. No startling theories, no quaint original genius, lurks among the strictly orthodox volumes; no æsthetic harmonies, no sunflower yellows, shine among its bindings. But, to do it justice, there is a healthy and robust tone in most of the stories, and in the historical work the latest and best authorities have been consulted. The religious opinions inculcated are not at all extreme; on the contrary, they do not appeal to any one section of the Church exclusively. The parcel of books now before us is the autumn instalment of the Society's published work, and consists in histories, in lectures and sermons, and in stories more or less adapted to the wants of young people, and in some cases to those of the humbler classes.

We may take the historical volumes first. They relate mainly to religious history. Among them are two new volumes of an excellent series on the Dioceses of England. *York* has been assigned to Mr. Ormsby, a canon of the cathedral and evidently well acquainted with the subject he has in hand. He begins, of course, with the mission of Paulinus, and practically concludes with the accession of William and Mary, the remainder of the volume being a very brief summary. The peculiar position of Yorkshire after the Reformation, and the strong hold which Rome continued to maintain on it long after the rest of England had become thoroughly Protestant, forms in itself an interesting feature of Mr. Ormsby's narrative. Grindall's high-handed proceedings would scarcely commend themselves to modern ideas, and it is curious to see how the "Ornaments Rubric" had already given trouble to tender consciences. The whole book is marred by compression and a certain disproportion, the earlier history being as much detailed as the later is summarised. In fact, with the materials at the author's disposal it would have been better for the volume to have been divided into two. It is evidently unfair to such a diocese, or province rather, that its history must be told in a book scarcely larger than that assigned to the little and modern diocese of *Oxford*. In the result Mr. Marshall's account of the latter see is much more readable, and at the same time much more complete, than the companion volume, although it must be confessed that the historian of York possesses great advantages of style and of acquaintance with early history. Mr. Marshall utilizes the wider space at his command to insert two valuable chapters on monastic and collegiate foundations, which are only treated of incidentally in the *History of York*. The want of a table of contents and of chapter-headings is an omission in Mr. Ormsby's book which should be supplied in a future edition. It may be worth mentioning that both books are remarkable for the tolerant though devout spirit in which dogmatic views are characterized.

Of a different class are three volumes on Church history generally. They relate respectively to Gaul, to Bohemia, and to Judea. Mr. Richard Travers Smith, a Canon of St. Patrick's, has made of an obscure period of Gallic history a most interesting study. He leaves off with the Frankish conquest; but the mere mention of Irenæus and Hilary, of St. Martin and St. Sidonius, of the Theban Legion and the Council of Arles, will show of what interesting materials the book is made up. It is, of course, much concerned with the ordinary history of the times, and the writer possesses the invaluable qualification of being himself interested in the scenes he describes. The chapter relating to "St. Hilary and the Eastern Creed" hardly tells the general reader so much as he would like to know, but no doubt Mr. Travers Smith had a wholesome dread of controversy before his eyes. The want of an index is a serious fault in this and both the other volumes of the series, the more so as in all three there is a most meagre table of contents. Miss Bramston is a writer only comparable with Miss Yonge in her power of making any subject interesting; but no extraordinary gift of the kind is needed for *Judea and Her Rulers*, which is here taken to mean the "interval between the end of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New." Here, again, the want of an index is severely felt, but we may state that the volume treats with some fulness of the Babylonian exile, the Persian dominion, the Greek conquest, the Macabean revolt, the Asmonean kingdom, and the Herodian period, and has an appendix which contains a number of Talmudic and other traditions relating to the saints of the Jewish Church. Had we space, a dozen passages would recommend themselves for quotation; but we may refer briefly to the way in which

Miss Bramston has detailed the strange tragedy of Mariamne as an admirable example of her powers. The third of these volumes may not be thought of equal interest, the subject being one on which nine out of ten readers are so profoundly ignorant as to be indifferent as well. The martyrdom of John Hus—so Mr. Wratislaw spells the name—is probably all they know about his life. And, in truth, until very lately it was not possible to know much more. Although as far back as 1831 “the estates of the kingdom of Bohemia were allowed to appoint a historiographer,” his labours were so hampered by the restrictions of the Austrian censorship that it was not until 1870 that the full particulars of Hus's life, derived from authentic documents, were published. Mr. Wratislaw appears to be familiar with the language of the country from which his own name evidently comes, and he is of opinion that Wycliffe produced comparatively so much smaller immediate results in England than Hus in Bohemia because of the greater advancement of the Czechian language at the period. Mr. Wratislaw is not inclined to admit that the English “Lollards” had the effect on Bohemian opinion usually attributed to them, and, indeed, he passes over Richard II. and his Bohemian wife with very brief notice. There may possibly lurk in his pages a longer reference to the subject than we have found; but, in the absence of an index, it is not to be discovered. Mr. Wratislaw's volume fails as compared with the other two in the same series, but he deserves the thanks of historical students for introducing a new subject to their notice.

In the class of what may be called “historical fiction” we may notice here a modest little volume on the Waldensian persecutions, entitled *Soldiers of a Great King*. It is evidently intended for the young, and, besides being very simple and easy in style, it is in very large type. The story is of a most thrilling character, and should be very welcome in spite of a certain flavouring of what children call “lecture.” Pure lecture is represented by a little volume on *The Historical and Dogmatical Position of the Church of England*, which is a reprint of the discourses delivered by Dr. Baker in St. Paul's Cathedral to members of the Association of Lay-helpers for the diocese of London. There are but five lectures in all, and the historical summary is of necessity very brief; but it would be superfluous to praise Dr. Baker's work, which is, as might be expected, clearness itself, and well fitted to be useful to readers who, having but little time at their disposal, desire to become acquainted with the more prominent points in Church history and the strictest definition of the religious position. Mr. Cutts has added another to the numerous volumes of *Addresses to Candidates for Confirmation*. The Catechism forms the basis of the work of preparation, and the earlier lectures seem rather intended for use by the instructor than for the members of the classes. The little volume cannot but be found useful, and the writer's views are moderate, yet distinct, while his teachings are delivered in a sympathetic tone which should recommend them widely. A series of sermons on some of the minor characters of Scripture, by Mr. Boardillon, is entitled *Lesser Lights*. It treats of Laban, Lamech, Aramnah, the Shunamite, Philip the Evangelist, Epaphras, Phoebe, and other Old and New Testament personages, and consists, it need hardly be said, in making as much as possible out of a very small amount of material. Studies of this kind are only excusable in the pulpit where the preacher endeavours to connect them with the circumstances and trials of modern life. This Mr. Boardillon has in most cases succeeded in doing.

We now come to the story-books, and before considering them in detail must say a word as to the illustrations. Where in every other respect the Society has advanced, in this particular it has retrograded. In fact, the woodcuts could scarcely be worse. The best of them is not up to the level of any good magazine. It is difficult to find out to what cause this is due. We are disposed to blame the engraver. There are some good names among those of the artists employed to make the drawings. Mr. Overend and “A. H.” will be astonished to see the ludicrous pictures attributed to them. We have no doubt that the Society has had to pay well for both drawing and engraving, and we remember the excellent work of the kind which used to issue from the old house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Among the half hundred books before us there is not a single illustration which we can commend. The figures are of the most wooden description, with blank faces—except one unfortunate girl, who is represented as a mulatto—and the animals are worthy of their masters, while trees in a background are mere meaningless scratches. Bad cutting will account for a great deal, and of course apprentices must practise on something. As it is, the books before us would be much better without such woodcuts, and in these days, when art is placed next to cleanliness, it seems a pity that the Society should be so backward. The bindings are gaudier than they used to be, and some of them are not very ugly. They all fail in the nameless something which may be called style. The meaningless curtain which “decorates” one whole series is very bad. The Society indulges in a large variety of new monograms, some of which are good, but the majority suffer from the same want as the bindings in general.

The largest and most important of the stories is Mr. Sadler's *Good Ship Barbara*, an account of two brothers, one of whom commences life by an action of very unusual unselfishness, and is rewarded accordingly. The story is of the most adventurous kind, and will be welcomed by every boy, and a good many people besides. A part of the book is devoted to life on the West Coast of Africa, in which Mr. Sadler recalls “memories of many years spent in the cruising squadron during what may be termed the palmy

days of the slave-trade.” It fell to his lot to be present at the capture of no fewer than thirty slavers, and the reader may feel certain that the story has lost nothing in the telling. There is a manly and healthy tone about all Mr. Sadler's books that raises them above mere narratives of adventure.

The Society is careful to meet a want felt in many families by providing some excellent volumes for servants. *Harriet's Mistakes* is one of the few books we have ever met really suited to the reading of a girl entering service. It is witty and fresh, full of good sense and knowledge of the people among whom the scenes are laid. *One of the Old School*, drawn from life and coloured from imagination, is a charming picture of a servant faithful to three generations of mistresses. The love story which runs through it is particularly well done, giving a tender and picturesque tint to what in less experienced hands might have been made prosaic and commonplace. *Miss Jean*, by Margaret Hayes, is also an interesting story told by an old nurse. *A High Look* treats of the experiences of a girl behind the counter of a large shop. The moral is summed up on the last page, where her father says to his wife, “You and I, in our haste to keep our children from being Publicans, have made some of them a bit into Pharisees.” Belonging to the same class is *Tender and True*, by Florence Wilford, the hero of which is a cabinman whose sister is parlour-maid in a private house. She highly disapproves of his marriage with a beauty, who causes him to suffer many things. She takes care of his child when his frivolous wife deserts him. He is “tender and true” to the end of a pretty, but somewhat improbable, story; and we must agree with his sister's verdict that “there never was a man to compare with my brother.” *Be Kind to Your Old Age* is a village discussion of the post-office aids to thrift. It is clear and concise, and ought to be widely distributed.

Of a large number of stories founded on historical events, perhaps Mr. Scarlett Potter's *Wonderful Goldsmith* is the best. It is an account of the extraordinary career of Benvenuto Cellini. It is written in an interesting and scholarly manner, and to any intelligent boy will be as exciting as a fairy tale. *A Brave Fight*, by Mr. Newenham Hoare, is more wholly imaginary. Very little, or nothing, is known of the real life of Lee, who invented the stocking-loom. *Isabeau's Hero*, by Esmé Stuart, on the other hand, contains a great deal of historical information, being mainly compiled from Peyrat's voluminous account of the revolt in the Cevennes in the reign of Louis XIV. The revolt of the Tyrolese against the French is the subject of another book. *Rudolf's Dilemma* is caused by his father's commanding him to join the patriot army when he had promised his mother, all whose other sons had been killed, that he would never become a soldier. He solves the difficulty by assuming the red cross. Miss Mary Palgrave's *Under the Blue Flag* contains the history of Monmouth's rebellion. It is told in an interesting manner, the historical unities being well preserved.

In several books the scene is laid in Germany. *Una Crichton* is a good daughter, who, to help her widowed mother, goes as a governess to Dresden, and is rewarded by finding a husband in an artist of the most fascinating type. The heroine of *Adé*, on the other hand, makes a “marriage of convenience” with an officer, and is very unhappy until he kindly disappears from the scene, and she marries a better man. *The Professor's Daughter*, by A. Eubule Evans, is a very harmless little tale, of an unexciting kind. The characters are chiefly German, but the scene is for the most part laid in England.

Of village life in England there are, of course, many stories, some of them filled out with pretty descriptions of scenery. *Out of the Shadows*, by Crona Temple, has the usual loves and sorrows, Christmas decorations, rick-burnings, prodigals' returns, and other similar incidents, set off by a rector who is the father of his flock, and whose sermons are listened to and even understood. *Beechwood*, by Mary Davison, is a year's biography of a little girl in the country during her father's absence on foreign service, and is prettily written. The illustrations by “F. D.” are somewhat above the average of the series. *Little Will*, by Helen Shipton, tells of a child who slips out of his brother's arms and becomes a cripple. His illness brings the family under the influence of a good clergyman, and the rough carter becomes a civilized man. With this book may be bracketed the *Church Farm*, by S. M. Sitwell.

It seems rather a reckless temptation to offer to the critics a series of the fairy tales modernized which Miss Thackeray has already so poetically treated; but *Fairy Tales of Every Day*, by Miss Child-Pemberton, are not in any sense imitations of *Five Old Friends*, which she had not read when these stories were written. *Golden Flowers*, by F. B. Harrison, are of so thin a texture that we are inclined to apply to them the obvious adjective “weedy.” Another feeble set of stories are hung on the nine cuttings of *Widow Tanner's Cactus*. In four books disputed inheritances and lost heirs form the plot. *Alone in Crowds*, by Annette Lyster, is pretty, but rather improbable. In real life a father wishing his son to claim his patrimony would be likely to tell him his grandfather's surname. For lack of this Amyas goes about the world seeking Randolph, Michael, and Dorcas. The desert island with which the story opens will alone assure its welcome with boys. Almost equally improbable in its plot, and by no means so well worked out, is *The Great Cranberry Quarrel*, in which a boy of ten and a girl still younger are claimants of an estate which comes to neither of them, though they marry each other, and of course live happy ever after. *A Runaway*, by Mrs. Owen, contains all the elements of a sensational novel, but would not harm a



suckling. There is a supposed murder, a wreck, a long-lost grandfather, and a locket by which at the last a mystery is solved. *Sally Tramp* is a pretty story of a little girl rescued from a brush-and-basket cart by a kind woman.

*Young Six-Foot* is a clever story, by Mrs. Garnett, who is evidently well acquainted with the navy life she describes. The talk is well done, and there is a healthy tone throughout, with many touches of humour. *Swallows' Wings*, *Fast Friends*, *Maud Kinglake's Collect*, and *Grumble* are four little volumes suited to the reading of children of the upper classes, and may be recommended as conveying pleasantly a good moral. The boy who is made into an artist by *A Dream of Rubens* supplies a good title, but might have chosen a better painter for the object of his aspirations. *The Price of a Lark*, by Alice Lang, does not relate to a bird, but tells of two boys, the sons of a parson and a lawyer in a country town, who agree to become stowaways in a ship going to America. They propose to get out at Queenstown and take fishing-tackle for use on the way home, but they are carried on to New York, and are heartily sick of their "lark" before they have done with it. Of *Princess Opportunity*, by Miss Phillimore, of *Jenny's Offering*, of *Drowsy Deli*, by Mr. Potter, and of *Asaph Wood*, by Phoebe Allen, we have nothing but what is good to say, though they are not perhaps above the average of children's books. *Adventine* might have been better translated; as it is, the poetical thoughts of Mlle. de Guérin, the eloquence of Massillon, the elegance of Bossuet, appear quite commonplace in their English dress. We have kept a very sensible book to the last. This is *Ellie's Mistake*, by Laura Lane, an admirable example to prove that a religious Society need not take an unhealthy view of life and its duties. Ellen imagines that conversion means collecting for missions, distributing tracts, and belonging to charitable associations. She finds it to consist much more in nursing her sick mother and taking care of her little sister. On the whole, Christian Knowledge is inculcated in these books without cant, and we are not surprised that in publications like them the Society obtains so considerable and so well-earned an addition to the funds available for its peculiar objects.

#### POLITICS IN VICTORIA.\*

THIS is but a little book, yet the attraction of it to any student of politics, present and future, is not little. Mr. Rowe is, by his own description of himself, an Englishman who studies the question of Victorian politics from an English point of view. In one passage of his book, where he speaks of the "Constitutionalists," or Right, of the Victorian Parliament, with warm approval as compared with the "Berryites," or Left, he seems to assume the position of a decidedly moderate Liberal. It is, however, evident from those chance phrases and expressions of opinion which best show a man's standpoint, that he is what would be considered in England itself a decidedly advanced Liberal—indeed a Radical, who has swallowed whole, and without inquiry, many of the most distinguishing doctrines of the Radical creed. When a man says that the evils of the land monopoly in Victoria "are not to be compared with those flowing from a land monopoly at home among mere pleasure-seekers and wasters of land," the reader may or may not shrug his shoulders at such a description of English landowners, but he feels that his authority is at any rate not likely to regard democracy from the point of view of Tory prejudice. This is still more evident when one comes to the sentence, "If manhood suffrage has placed and maintained Mr. Berry in power, it has committed no greater fault than oftentimes of yore did the now happily extinct burgesses and the old English freeholder when they sent up Ministers and Houses pledged to do evil, to maintain the privileges of the ruling classes at the national expense, and to tax the people's food in order to keep up the rent of grasping landowners." Once more it is certain that the writer has a very strongly coloured set of spectacles, and that his views of past history will be pretty nearly valueless; but it is equally certain that in respect of matters democratic the only tint to be allowed for will be rose-colour. When he comes, further still, to the expression of a fervent hope that "the habit among the young and wealthy men of the colony of looking upon England as home may give way to the exercise of an enlightened patriotism"; and when he finds that Mr. Rowe's dearest hope for the Australian colonies is that they may form "a new Republic of vast magnificence, wealth, and resources," the intelligent reader feels comfortably convinced of one thing. Mr. Rowe is at least not likely to misrepresent this, the most advanced of all English-speaking communities in democratic ideas and practice. He will evidently be very kind to its virtues, and at least a little blind to its faults. He will obey Mr. Sleary's touching request to "make the bet of uth, thquire, not the worth"; and if we find that matters are, politically speaking, and by the witness's own confession, in a very bad state in this pearl of democracies, we may at least be sure that they are not better than they are represented. This is an immense advantage in such a case.

Mr. Rowe divides his book into ten chapters, of which the first deals with "Protection," the second with "The Cost of Protection," the third with "The Land-Tax," the fourth with "The Land-Laws," the fifth with "Anti-Chinese Legislation," the sixth with "State Railways," the seventh with "The Management of Education

and of Public Works," the eighth with "The Second Chamber," and the ninth with "Manhood Suffrage," the tenth and last being occupied with "General Considerations." Before summarizing the general results of the testimony of this most friendly witness on the action of an unimpeded and certainly not unintelligent democracy in relation to these important subjects, we may give some particular judgments of Mr. Rowe's on detached points which will fairly "sample" his book. "In the effort," he tells us, "to become a prosperous manufacturing country, Victoria has declared war against every natural gift with which she is blessed, by taxing every implement necessary for its production." This sweeping dictum is supported by a careful analysis which fully bears it out. We have no space to report Mr. Rowe's facts in detail; it is sufficient that he proves to demonstration, not merely that the protective policy of the colony imposes a heavy tax on its inhabitants, but that the main arguments advanced for Protection in a young country—its fostering power in the case of manufactures and the comfort given by high wages to the working classes—are in this instance entirely fallacious. In some of the most protected industries it is necessary to forge foreign trade-marks in order to get off the home goods in competition even with heavily-taxed importations. In others the protected manufacturers prefer to export their goods not made up to the neighbouring colony of New South Wales and re-import them, paying the taxes. In others the wages of operatives have dropped heavily since the complete carrying out of the tariff system. Then Mr. Rowe passes to the Land-laws. According to him the recent policy of Victoria has been "to punish the wealthy for being wealthy, in order to induce the poorer classes to become wealthy." This might seem to be an ironical description of the Irish Land Act if it were not certain that nothing is further from Mr. Rowe's intention than to reflect on Mr. Gladstone. But it seems "the result of the Land-tax, which has been introduced in order to 'burst up' large estates, is that of driving poorer men out of the occupation of the soil." Here, again, we must refer to the book for the arguments and statistics establishing this. We will only say that they are fully convincing. Mr. Rowe then takes the Chinese legislation of this democratic colony. For its exclusive policy he can find no words too strong. It is "repugnant to his moral sense"; it is "difficult to speak without utter contempt of the spirit that framed such provisions"; it is "cruel as well as foolish." These phrases of indignant contempt sum up—as far as we can judge, very justly—Mr. Rowe's observations and the facts of the case on this subject. We next come to railways. Mr. Rowe, with his usual patient industry, shows that railway expenditure (which is all State expenditure in Victoria) is absurdly lavish, that it is ill-directed, that it is regularly subordinated, sometimes to the private interests of the holder of the railway portfolio, always to the coaxing of the large number of voters who are employed on, or who benefit by, the lines. For the more general department of public works it may be sufficient to quote his statement that "political jobbery and redtapeism are characteristic of all the Government departments of public works." His description of the voting in Parliament on such questions is "playing at pitch and toss with the public money." Of education as a special subject he says little, but that little is most unfavourable. "Bureaucracy is the centre," he says, "round which colonial government revolves." He is also brief on the subject of the Council; but his faith in the democracy of Victoria is sufficiently indicated by his statement that "it should have been made a nominee Chamber" if it was to be continued at all. The last chapter but one, "Manhood Suffrage," principally consists, not like the earlier part of the book in a revelation of facts, but in a polemic, endeavouring to prove that manhood suffrage is not to blame for the very singular condition of things which Mr. Rowe (it would seem half-unconsciously) has displayed. But this very chapter contains a vigorous denunciation of the practice of paying members (surely the apple of the eye of democracy), an anathema on the professional politician, who in a democracy is an absolutely necessary growth, and a statement that it is "to the credit of manhood suffrage that there should be found in the Assembly some members of high worth, disinterestedness, and mental superiority." We can therefore only suppose that, if three out of four locomotives habitually burst, Mr. Rowe would say that it is to the credit of steam and engineering that some locomotives did not. As all the members are elected by manhood suffrage, it might, by an old-fashioned logician, be argued that the absence of high worth, disinterestedness, and mental superiority in the majority is a fatal condemnation of the principle of election. If, by some fortunate chance, the ten righteous men had been found in the City of the Plain, we must assume that Mr. Rowe would have pronounced this to be much to the credit of the manners and morals of Sodom.

It is, however, entirely unnecessary to enter into any controversy, or even to attempt to illustrate Mr. Rowe by any argumentative comment. We are too much obliged for the interesting and instructive picture which he has given us to care to make sarcastic exposure of the painter's shortcomings, and the picture itself requires only the pointer, and not the key or the catalogue, to explain its value. Here is a man who comes to the examination of the typical democracy of the whole world (for it is admitted that the United States are decidedly behind Victoria in point of unrestricted government by the majority), and who comes to it with no prejudice against its principles, but, on the contrary, with a hearty liking and admiration for them. He examines it with care, and this is the result of his examination. In economics the democracy is so

\* *An Englishman's Views of the Questions of the Day in Victoria.* By C. J. Rowe. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

brutishly greedy of immediate gain for the individuals who compose it, that it positively impoverishes itself as a whole. The bungling confiscation of its Land-laws drives out of land-owning and land-holding the very class whom it seeks to "root in the soil." In regard to the most useful and profitable class of its immigrants, it is as tyrannical as a mediæval despotism, and much more shortsighted. Its public offices are dens of jobbery and corruption, its public works models of costly inutility, its public servants patterns of self-seeking and uselessness. It is so little to be trusted in the exercise of its electoral rights that a nominee Council is seriously proposed, and that the only credit to be claimed for the voters generally is that not everybody whom they return is a fool or a public robber. The quotations given above will bear out every word of these sentences, though of course we have put them in somewhat sharper form than Mr. Rowe, with his tenderness for Victorian institutions, has done. There is no need to follow him into the speculative part of his work, and to inquire what will be the effect when Victoria comes to have a foreign policy. The prospect, judging from what he himself has said, of the capacity and the morality of Victorian statesmen, is not a very cheerful one. But the amount of political ornament bestowed by the Victorians on the Sparta over which for thirty years they have had free control is sufficient for every purpose of prophecy. The fig of an enlightened foreign policy is not very likely to grow on the thistle of such a home administration as that just portrayed; the chosen of the people, who have been so singularly unfaithful in few things, are not likely to be very faithful rulers of many. It is almost needless to say that we have no intention of bearing hardly on the colonists. They are neither better nor worse on the whole than Englishmen at home; perhaps in some respects they are better. But they have a radically vicious form of government; a form which at home is still prevented, by many remnants of a wiser state of things, from doing the damage that it does when pure and unmixed. What that damage is, and what it causes, Mr. Rowe's little book of barely a hundred pages proves to admiration.

#### A MODERN INSTANCE.\*

THOSE who make it their business or their pleasure to follow the course of American fiction have remarked of late years the appearance of three or four writers who, while they are not quite in the first rank, and cannot be classed with the author of *Elsie Venner* or with him who wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, may yet be compared with almost any living English novelist. Foremost among these coming men stands Mr. W. D. Howells, whose work is only now beginning to be known and appreciated by general readers on this side of the Atlantic. He has many admirable qualities, not the least of which is that he draws from models and not "out of his own head"; the result is that his people, whether we like them or not, have always the great merit of absolute reality. Next, he is true to his characters; they go whither they are bound to go, up or down, taking the natural consequences of their actions and their lives. This recognition by writers of Necessity or Consequence in fiction is almost as rare as its perception by ordinary people in real life. If we add that he is the possessor of a style which is always pleasing and unstudied, though certainly the result of study, we have already assigned him qualities which ensure success. He has certain defects; he lacks *gaieté de cœur*, the natural liveliness which goes far to redeem almost every other fault. Yet he is not cynical; if he does not laugh much, he never sneers; his stories have no plot, no situations to speak of, and not many incidents, yet they interest; his conversations are sometimes flippant and sometimes in bad taste, yet they are natural. How far he will become popular in England remains to be seen. He will never, certainly, command such a run as that obtained by the absurdities of "Mark Twain" or the extravagances of Mr. Bret Harte; yet we may safely prophesy that among the cultivated class of readers his books will be in steady demand. There are already six or seven of them issued in a cheap form by the publisher of *A Modern Instance*. From our own knowledge we can recommend *The Chance Acquaintance* and *The Undiscovered Country* as books of careful workmanship and accurate observation, written from the American point of view, and without the least apparent influence, either in style or point of view, of English writers.

*The Modern Instance* is, indeed, about as purely American as a book can well be. The characters belong to what we should call the middle class; they live in a small New England town, the dullness of which is not dwelt upon by the author, but is felt by the reader. The hero and heroine are not remarkable in any way; they are merely two quite uninteresting persons detached from the surrounding crowd of persons similar and similarly situated. Those who carelessly consider the millions of monotonous lives, all apparently alike, all obscure, unredeemed by art, either narrowed by a bigoted form of religion or else without any religious influences or restraints whatever, which belong to the "middle class" in Great Britain and America, are apt to conclude that, for dramatic purposes, nothing can be made of them. They are wrong, because the drama of his own life is quite as important to an uninteresting person, and often quite as tragical, as it is to the most remarkable man that ever lived. But an artist is

needed to interest others in the fate of that obscure person. Mr. Howells is not a Victor Hugo, yet he succeeds; as we read on we never get to like either hero or heroine; we are not in the least sorry for the fate of the former; we find the latter singularly unattractive; yet we are interested and curious to learn how the inevitable will be brought about.

Bartley Hubbard is the editor of the "Equity Free Press"; he is young and good-looking, and possesses the great advantage of being the orphan son of nobody, with his own way to make. This fact, when it came to the appointment of an editor for the village paper, turned the scale with a committee who had all been poor boys themselves, and "justly feared the encroachments of hereditary aristocracy." Yet they had misgivings when they remarked that his boots were blacked, his grey trousers neatly fitted, and his "diagonal coat" buttoned high with one button. These doubts were removed when his testimonials spoke of his great smartness, and when they quite understood that the diagonal coat, the grey trousers, and the polished boots were all outward and visible proofs of the smartness which made them his own. The paper had to be run on economical principles, and Bartley was editor, printer, and publisher all in one; he was aided by two or three girls—the perils of girl apprentices are illustrated by an instructive little episode—and one boy. He conducted the paper upon "the modern conception, through which the country press must cease to have any influence in public affairs, and each paper become little more than an open letter of neighbourhood gossip." That is to say, he "crammed it with minute chronicles of unimportant people," wrote bragging articles about Equity City, and printed humorous squibs of his own and other people. As the local printer, his place in the social scale would have been above the foreman of the saw-mill and below the master of the Academy. But, as it was whispered that he was reading law, and as that science is the fountain of the highest distinction in a country town, this fact gave him a guarantee of superiority, and lifted him above his place. We, who groan under aristocratic institutions, may remark on certain points of superiority which an American town can boast over an English country town. In the former, the lawyer is the leader; he is, to be sure, advocate, notary, and attorney in one. With us there are country gentry outside the town, retired officers and old Indians, unmarried gentlewomen, a rector or vicar who is a scholar, the master of the grammar school, all with their heels upon us before we get down to the solicitor at all. As for religion, everybody at Equity went to church, but it did not greatly matter to which church. Bartley, for his part, was a wanderer, and it was tacitly conceded that the editor of a paper devoted to the interests of the town ought not to be of fixed theological opinions. Indeed the churches flourished on condition of providing for the social needs of the community; religion was therefore made attractive; there were dances and lectures; in the winter there was secular music, with oyster suppers, in the basement of the churches. The young editor took a leading part in all these festivities, so as to keep himself well before the popular eye. He also carried on a sentimental correspondence with a few young ladies of his college town. It appears that in America young people find great happiness in writing letters to other young people of opposite sex; the letters lead to nothing; they do not compromise; they are school exercises, so to speak, in love-making; and, unlike French or German exercises, they possess a distinct charm, as every one will understand. How far they tend to help in the production of the Perfect Gentlewoman is quite another consideration. Another favourite amusement of young ladies in American country towns is to go sleigh-driving in the winter with young men. The story, in fact, begins with the return of Marcia Gaylord from such a drive with Bartley Hubbard. They have been to a "church sociable" some miles away, and get back at midnight. Everybody has gone to bed, but Marcia invites Bartley to come in and warm himself. He does so, and they have half an hour of pleasant flirtation, meaning no more, on his part, than the letters which he writes to his fair correspondents. On his departure he kisses her; this act is witnessed by her father, who is descending the stairs with a candle in his hand. We are surprised to find that he takes notice of the thing. It grates upon us; in a land of freedom where the girls and boys do what they please, we should not expect it. "Marcia," he asked grimly, "are you engaged to Bartley Hubbard?"

She was not; but, unfortunately, she was in love with him, and could not disguise the fact, so that when quite early in the first volume he proposed to her, she accepted his offer with cheerful joy. The coarse character of the man is betrayed by one thing which he says on the very day of their engagement—

He seized her arms, pinioning them to her side, and holding her helpless, while he laughed, and laughed again. "I knew you were dead in love with me from the first moment."

Difficulties begin; there is a girl clerk at the office concerning whom there is some trouble. Bartley cannot quite satisfy Marcia that there is really nothing in the story. And in a passion of jealousy she breaks off the engagement. "Women," says her father, the lawyer, who always dresses in "cassimire pantalons, a satin vest, and a dress-coat," "are queer about some things. They appear to think they marry a man's whole life—his past as well as his future." But Marcia takes the thing to heart. She even implores her father to bring back her lover; a thing which the old lawyer refuses to do, even if it were the only thing which would save his daughter's life. Therefore Marcia runs away with Bartley, and begins the dreadful life of a woman who marries a man beneath her in education,

\* *A Modern Instance*. A Novel. By William D. Howells. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.



manners, and feeling, a man thoroughly false, selfish, and wholly unprincipled. They are, to begin with, horribly poor; and he writes descriptive articles for Boston papers, earning a precarious livelihood. The allusions in the book to various Boston journals can probably be read between the lines by those who know, but they do not concern us. In course of time Bartley gets a regular situation upon one of them, with a salary of so many dollars a week. But he quarrels with his wife; he is coarse and selfish; she is passionate, but always ready to find excuses for her husband and to make herself out to have been the cause of every fresh outburst. And then he takes to drink. It is curious to remark on the method of treating this delicate subject which commends itself to the American writer. Bartley, for instance, gets moist eyes and a glowing cheek from a bottle of Tivoli. An ordinary English toper would drink half a dozen bottles of Tivoli, and, like the Lincolnshire farmer over a jug of cider, feel himself getting "no for'arder." Then one evening, after a row royal with Marcia, the unhappy young man goes out and drinks three whole glasses of whisky-and-water, which make him blind drunk. Three glasses! An English novelist would have thought six or eight at least necessary to produce such a result. So fearful an excess is not repeated; but Bartley steadily deteriorates; the Tivoli makes him fat; he begins, for an advance in pay, to write "advertising articles," by which we understand leading articles written to advertise some tradesman's wares—a noble branch of journalism which has already been introduced into this country, though as yet it is not in credit among writers in general; he has also learned the shady secrets of the office in such a way that he considers himself necessary to the paper, and even speculates on succeeding the editor. How he loses his appointment, and how he finally deserts his wife, we leave to the readers of the book. It is after the desertion, when the misery of the wife becomes almost intolerable, that the strength of the book is shown. Marcia, clinging to the ideal Bartley, refuses to believe that he has actually deserted her and her child; nor is it until she receives notice from a certain court in Indiana of her husband's intention to proceed for a divorce that she gives him up. Marcia, in fact, from beginning to end is a finished and thoughtful study of a woman in love. We know the cynical French proverb. Marcia is the one *qui aime*. Had she loved her husband less he might have been a better man; had she been less ready to forgive he would not have needed so much forgiveness. Bartley Hubbard, on the other hand, is a painful and disagreeable study of selfishness, which might have been made more complete by bringing out into greater relief the good intentions with which he started and the depths to which he sank. The end of Bartley, which set his wife free, was characteristic. He went to Arizona and set up a printing press:—

He began with the issue of a Sunday paper, and made it so spicy and so indispensable to all the residents of Whited Sepulchre who enjoyed the study of their fellow-citizens' affairs, that he was looking hopefully forward to the establishment of a daily edition, when he unfortunately chanced to comment upon the domestic relations of "one of Whited Sepulchre's leading citizens." The leading citizen promptly took the war-path, as an esteemed contemporary expressed it in reporting the difficulty with the cynical lightness and the profusion of felicitous head-lines with which our journalism often alleviates the history of tragic occurrences: the parenthetical touch in the closing statement, that "Mr. Hubbard leaves a (divorced) wife and child somewhere at the East," was quite in Bartley's own manner.

#### WEISMANN'S STUDIES IN THE THEORY OF DESCENT.\*

OF the many special studies which have now for several years had for their object to follow up and illustrate in detail the central principle of continuous evolution made good by Mr. Darwin, few have surpassed in value those on the *History of Descent* by Professor August Weismann, of the University of Freiburg, which have been presented to the English public in the excellent translation of Mr. Raphael Meldola, with a brief prefatory notice from the pen of our great naturalist himself. The interest of Dr. Weismann's work, the only drawback from which is a certain German prolixity and redundancy of style, modified to some extent in the version before us, consists in the clearness with which it shows how the more prominent characteristics of certain groups of animals, not obviously of use or advantage to them, may have been developed under the agency of natural selection. It is especially in the field of entomology that his researches have led Dr. Weismann to study the action of this leading principle in the philosophy of evolution. In the first of the three separate parts in which it was originally issued, before being finally amalgamated into a couple of volumes, this law was shown as a *vera causa* or primary agent in bringing about the distinctive markings to be seen in two annual broods of moths or butterflies, known as seasonal dimorphism. In many of these there is to be traced an agency of an imitative or otherwise protective kind, as the spots or stripes most befitting the environment tend to the survival of the species so marked. As it is difficult to say how far the process of metamorphosis may have given form or colour to this or that class or variety of winged insect, more value may be attached to the second of Dr. Weismann's essays, in which he goes

back to the earlier stage of insect development, dealing with the origin and functions of the markings in caterpillars; the sphinx-larvæ being, for reasons sufficiently laid down by the writer, selected for testing his ideas as to this intricate problem of biological inquiry. Can or cannot all the forms of marking which occur in the sphinx-larvæ be traced to known transforming causes? That natural selection produces a large number of characteristic variations can be as little doubted as can the fact that varying external influences can bring about manifold changes in an organism by immediate operation. But are these two transforming agencies sufficient to produce all differential characteristics, however unessential? This, at least, had never been proved when Dr. Weismann entered upon his investigations. Are we to see in every such organic change the result of the environment acting upon the organism? or are we to give countenance to the notion of an innate power or tendency producing such development? For the solution of this problem a morphological groundwork is, he argues, first to be acquired, whereby the phyletic (ancestral) development of these markings may be as fully as possible demonstrated. The youngest larval stages are of the most importance for revealing this development, because they make us acquainted with the markings of the progenitors of existing species, besides insuring our knowledge of the degrees of blood relationship. Unfortunately few sphingidæ lay eggs in confinement.

Mr. Meldola has been able in his valuable notes to supplement our author's facts by observations of the larvæ at various stages of growth in additional species. For a perfect generalization, indeed, we should need a systematic and exhaustive examination of the lepidoptera of the whole world. Yet for a fair induction, such typical species as are here accessible may be held to be practically conclusive. Enough at least is proved to vindicate the doctrine of natural selection from the aspersions of that class of fanciful biologists—the heirs of the metaphysical teleology of the mediæval Schoolmen—who, under the hypothesis of a "phyletic vital force," introduce an inherent energy prompting variation towards a pre-determined goal, evolution in their view working with a fixed design and a predisposition to a definite type or specific form in nature. What is this but a resuscitation of the old pre-scientific hypothesis, an undoing of all that Mr. Darwin has wrought for biology? Against it Dr. Weismann brings an irresistible array of facts and arguments. From a wide survey of the markings in the larvæ of different genera—longitudinal and oblique stripes, eye-spots and ring-spots, with minor differences of colour and lineation—he shows how a distinct functional character, tending to natural advantage, is to be traced in one and all of these peculiarities, which, so far from being mere freaks or purposeless fancies of nature, act by way of protection or serve other beneficial purposes. Sexual selection is indeed excluded by the fact that larval forms alone are here under observation. But in every stage the functional value of these markings to the youthful caterpillar may be seen. Originally green all over, the sphinx-larva, which lives on grasses, pine-needles, or other leaves lengthwise arranged, develops longitudinal lines which harmonize with the foliage (as do the stripes on the tiger with the jungle and its glancing lights) eluding the notice of insectivorous birds. Other sphingidæ, feeding on forest trees or large-leaved plants, are obliquely striped, assimilating them to the ribs or veins of the foliage, the side lines simulating shadows. Even the eye and ring-spots occurring in a few species, more puzzling at first sight, are shown by Dr. Weismann to have a similar functional value. They imitate in some cases the berries on the food-plant. In others they are deterrent, being protruded from the head like two great red, staring eyes, formidable to the birds that seek them as their prey. Arguments towards the same end are drawn out in the next essay on phyletic parallelism in metamorphic species. In lepidoptera Dr. Weismann shows that it is by no means usual for the resemblances between larvæ to run parallel with the resemblances between imagines, at the same time that each stage of development has by natural selection adapted itself to its own environment, independently for the most part of the adaptations of an earlier stage, the result being varying differences or resemblances between the same two or more species in various phases of their development. This could hardly be the case were variation and the genesis of species due to an inherent tendency towards definite generic and specific types. What is conceived as a phyletic vital force, so far from being an adequate cause, is no *vera causa* at all; whilst natural selection, on the contrary, is shown to be not only a real agency in nature, but sufficient of itself to produce all the phenomena observed. Nothing of the sort can well exceed the clearness and beauty with which the illustrative plates of moths and caterpillars are drawn and tinted in chromolithography.

In the third part Dr. Weismann gives the results of the curious series of experiments carried on by himself and Friulein von Chauvin upon Mexican axolotls in order to determine the working of the singular process observed at Paris whereby these normally perennibranchiate amphibians were found capable, under certain circumstances, of parting with their gills and assuming a true salamandrine form as amblystomas. The question was whether this change was due to external conditions or to internal causes, the latter hypothesis involving the establishment of that theory of an innate tendency towards development in a definite direction which Dr. Weismann, as a true Darwinian, had long made it his business to demolish. Experiments showed that the metamorphosis may be brought about with much constancy if the axolotls are induced at a proper stage of growth to leave the water; when they lose their gills, and undergo a number,

\* *Studies in the Theory of Descent.* By Dr. August Weismann, Professor in the University of Freiburg. Translated and edited by Raphael Meldola, F.C.S., Vice-President of the Entomological Society of London. With a Prefatory Notice by Charles Darwin, F.R.S. Three Parts; with Coloured Plates. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

of other changes, converting them to a veritable salamandrine form. The change from aquatic to aerial respiration is the external cause acting upon the organism to which this metamorphosis is to be traced. Nor is the change, Dr. Weismann shows reasons for believing, to be assigned, as many naturalists have suggested, to a progressive *saltus*, but to a reversion towards an earlier and really higher form. The axolotl, in fact, represents a process of degeneration. It may be held to have descended from a parent amblystoma, having lost the habit of metamorphosis, and having become once more perennibranchiate. The primary cause of this change has been the drying up of the great Mexican lakes, rendering the region unfit for amphibian life, and inducing the development of a terrestrial type of organism. These degenerate larval forms, when transported to the moister climate of Europe and subjected to special circumstances of treatment, revert once more, by an upward process, to the later ancestral type of amblystoma. As a result of the great constitutional disturbance so set up, the amblystomas thus artificially, so to say, produced are infertile, as Mr. Darwin has shown to be the case in numerous parallel instances. To his ingenious and painstaking argument Dr. Weismann has, since the appearance of the German edition, made supplementary observations upon the maxillary gland and the dryness of the Mexican atmosphere, which go far towards making his chain of proof demonstrative.

The series ends with an essay on the mechanical conception of nature, in reply to the materialistic teachings of Hartmann and Von Baer. The writer here proceeds to set on a broader basis, and to bring into correlation with the general principles of philosophy, what he had shown to be clear inductions from special studies in biology. From observation of the true character of variation as the chief agency in evolution, and of the comparative importance of external conditions and of the constitution of the organism in determining the particular direction of the course of development, he has been led up to the point of seeing throughout the action of fixed laws, to which he is prepared to give the name of "mechanical" principles, as excluding the idea of any teleological agency, whether as a phyletic vital force or the interposition of a designing power; whilst carefully adding that this by no means implies a materialistic view of nature. "Those who defend such mechanical development will not be compelled to deny a teleological power, only they would have, with Kant, to think of the latter in the only way in which it can be conceived—namely, as a final cause." In the philosophy of evolution, as understood by our author, the place once held by final causes is virtually taken by the fixity and continuity of natural laws. The doctrine of natural selection, far from leading to the denial of a teleological universal cause in any form, merely excludes from the view of science any mode of interference of a directive power other than the original appointment of the forces producing the phenomena. "The final and main result of this essay will thus be found in the attempted demonstration that the mechanical conception of nature very well admits of being united with a teleological conception of the universe." There need consequently be no feud between the Darwinian and the theologian. The belief in divine truth, with which the revolutionary changes in astronomy and geology have in turn been happily harmonized, is rapidly gaining for higher thinkers not only a *modus vivendi*, but a potent alliance and harmonious working, with the philosophy of evolution. To this beneficent end not a little aid will have been contributed by Dr. Weismann's exact and well directed studies.

#### CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS.\*

WE do not agree with Mr. Shuckburgh in finding it difficult to give satisfactory reasons for the neglect into which Lysias has fallen, especially in schools and colleges. For ordinary educational purposes it is natural to use only the very best authors in each class, and the time which schoolboys can devote to the study of the Attic orators is by no means sufficient to enable them to read all the best speeches of Demosthenes. Nor can we admit Mr. Shuckburgh's plea based on the historical value of the writings of Lysias. There are only two or three speeches in the present collection—those against Eratosthenes and Agoratus, and perhaps that against Ergocles—which have any real political or historical

importance, while many of them turn on minute points of law, interesting only to the student of Athenian procedure, and involve wearisome technicalities similar to those which make many of the private speeches of Demosthenes tedious to a large majority of readers. On the other hand, a good critical edition of Lysias would be a boon to many students; and we think that Mr. Shuckburgh would have been better advised had he aimed at producing a commentary suited to the requirements of scholars, instead of writing notes for schoolboys. The work, however, is for the most part well done. The introduction contains a life of Lysias which affords a good illustration of the state of Athens under the Thirty Tyrants, and a critical review of his style. Mr. Shuckburgh has formed a very just estimate of the literary merits of Lysias. "He tells a story well." This seems to us to express exactly the best characteristic of the author. Further on, however, Mr. Shuckburgh, in striving after antithesis, writes a sentence which appears to us to be of the nature of nonsense. "The language," he tells us, "is simple without being vulgar, and clear without being inartistic." Are we to understand that art is akin to confusion, or that simplicity and vulgarity are so closely allied that it is a high merit to attain to the one without being guilty of the other? For the text Mr. Shuckburgh has consulted the works of the more important scholars who have dealt with it, justly attaching most value to the emendations of Cobet. The scarcity of commentaries on Lysias has of course involved a great deal more original work in his case than is usually found in school editions of classical authors; and, as Mr. Shuckburgh says, "practically the commentary, for good or ill, is my own, and has all the advantages and disadvantages of being the first of its kind." The notes are good and useful, both grammatically and historically. The only objection we have to make to them is that they often give help where it is quite unnecessary. Boys may very well be left to find out for themselves that *εἰς Δαμνίππου* means "to the house of Damnippus," and *ἐν Εὐβούλου ἀρχοντος*, "in the archonship of Eubulus"; nor need they be told the meaning of *φεύγειν* and *διώκειν δίκην*. Again, the privileges and disabilities of *meteci* are fully stated in any dictionary of antiquities, and it is not necessary to explain them in the notes. In p. 316 there is a note on *πρωτάνης* which is written in ungrammatical English, and, moreover, is so worded that it will probably leave on the mind of a schoolboy the impression that a *πρωτάνης* was a man who presided over the *βουλή*. Of course the title of the actual president was *ἐπιστάτης*. Of the appendices, the first gives an excellent account of the accession to power of the Thirty Tyrants, their government, and their overthrow by Thrasybulus and the party of the Piræus. This is followed by a note on the question of *ἀρχαία*, which is very clearly stated. We find also a table of Athenian money, Harpoeration's list of the speeches of Lysias, and a translation of the oath taken by the Athenian *dicaætes*. The indices, so far as we have tested them, are both correct and complete. Altogether the book may be confidently recommended to any schoolmaster who desires to place the works of Lysias before his pupils; it may also be useful, in spite of the elementary character of most of the commentary, to more advanced students than those for whom it is mainly intended.

The task which Messrs. Bond and Walpole have undertaken is of a very different nature from Mr. Shuckburgh's. The *Hecuba* of Euripides is so commonly read in schools that one edition of it after another appears, until by this time we should think that every educational publisher in London must have the play on his list of school-books. In such circumstances it is almost impossible for an editor to throw any fresh light on the subject, or to suggest an interpretation which has not been already adopted by some of his predecessors. Messrs. Bond and Walpole have done their work carefully, and their little book is well suited to its purpose, but there is really not much more to be said about it. It has nothing to distinguish it from other good classical editions for school purposes, except a grammatical index, which is not always to be found appended to such works, though it is a most useful addition to the commentary. We think that rather too much help is given in the way of translation. It is surely not necessary to translate literally a choral ode of some length, as is done at l. 444, and again at l. 629. We must, however, add that the translation is very well done. It is extremely close, and at the same time not at all wanting in grace.

Mr. James's edition of the Eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* belongs to the same series as Messrs. Bond and Walpole's *Hecuba*, to which it is in no way inferior. The notes are shorter, and less help is given in the translation. Here and there the editor seems to go rather over the heads of those for whom his work is intended. Boys who are beginning the study of Homer cannot be expected to enter very deeply into etymological research, and it is useless to display before them Sanscrit roots, or to trace a word through half a dozen languages. Experience in teaching shows that such notes are never read by a boy, while their presence creates in his mind a suspicion as to the value of the commentary in general. Nor will the account of the shield given in the introduction, and the remarks on Greek art and "tectonic" adornments find more favour in a youthful mind. If they were accompanied by drawings from Flaxman's Shield of Achilles, or by illustrations of examples of early Greek art, there would be every chance of their making some real impression. But how can a boy be expected without the aid of diagrams to take any interest in an account of objects entirely unfamiliar to him?

We do not understand the meaning of the title which Mr. Rush

\* *Lysias Orations XVI.* With Analysis, Notes, Appendices, and Indices, by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton. London: Macmillan & Co.

*The Hecuba of Euripides.* A Revised Text, with Notes and an Introduction, by the Rev. John Bond, M.A., Chaplain and Classical Instructor, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Arthur S. Walpole, M.A., formerly Scholar of Worcester College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Homeri Iliados. Liber XVIII. The Arms of Achilles.* Edited for the use of Schools, by Sydney R. James, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Master at Eton College. London: Macmillan & Co.

*The Synthetic Latin Delectus.* A First Latin Construing Book, arranged on the Principles of Grammatical Analysis, with Notes and Vocabulary. By Edward Rush, B.A., Head-Master of the College, Harrogate. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Latin Course, First Year, comprising Grammar to the end of the Regular Verbs, and Exercises with Vocabulary.* London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

*Classical Writers.* Edited by J. R. Green. *Tacitus.* By Alfred J. Church, M.A., Professor of Latin, University College, London, and W. J. Brodribb, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.



has given to his work. We should have thought that "Synthetic" was not quite an appropriate epithet to apply to a work written to advocate the analytical method of learning a language. However, the title is not the most important part of the book, and we may pass on to the contents. After various prefaces by the author and other persons, we come to some seventy pages of instructions to the pupil. These, we are informed in one of the prefaces just referred to, are written in a familiar style, and are addressed to the pupil himself. We hope, but not confidently, that the pupil will appreciate the following passage, which occurs in a chapter on "The way to 'argue out' a sentence":—"Now, this 'arguing out' of a sentence is an exercise in informal logic of the highest educational value; and the habit of thus dealing with your work will enable you to smile at difficulties which those who have not formed this habit will hardly dare to face, and will certainly fail to surmount." Then follow a few "useful directions." The pupil is always to keep a piece of paper, folded several times, in the place where he is working; he is never to use one hand only in doing his Latin construing; and he is to keep by his side a penny exercise-book—Mr. Rush makes so much concession to variety of tastes as to add that any small note-book will do—in which he is to enter various facts. After many more directions, some of them useful enough in themselves, Mr. Rush assures his young reader that by following his instructions he will have "acquired a habit of scientifically dealing with his work that will be invaluable to him as long as he lives"; he then concludes in the epistolary fashion adopted by the late Mr. Micawber. Apart from the ridiculous minuteness of his directions, and the absurdity of addressing to young boys a long dissertation on grammatical analysis, there is much that is good in these introductory pages. Though they are absolutely useless to those who are expected to read and profit by them, a young teacher may gain much benefit by studying the method which they advocate, even though he may not adopt it in all its details. The chapters which deal with grammatical analysis are extremely clear, and it is not easy to lay too much stress on the importance of analysis in the study of language. Passing on to the delectus proper, we find, in the first section, transitive verbs used without a noun in the accusative case following them. Mr. Rush here is giving examples of subject and predicate only. Surely it would be better in this case to make use of intransitives, and not to accustom boys to the sight of transitive verbs without their proper construction. "Copiæ auxerunt" is a particularly unhappy piece of Latin to put before a beginner. However, in the first part of the delectus the examples are for the most part well chosen and well arranged. The second part consists of sentences and short passages from Latin authors, arranged, so far as we can discover, on no principle whatever. Three lines of Cæsar are followed by four of Virgil, after which comes, perhaps, a scrap of Cicero or of Livy. Such selections are quite useless. As soon as a boy is able to translate detached sentences, he should of course be set to work on a book of Cæsar, or some other piece of connected writing in which he can take an interest. The notes which are appended to the delectus are in many cases absurdly diffuse, and prefixed to them is yet another direction to the pupil which is worthy of the writer of the "instructions" to which we have already referred:—

When the English of words is given (in the notes), you must just as carefully look out the words and get up the literal construing, as if there were no note at all. If you do not do this, notes will do harm by encouraging idleness and leading you into the habit of being content with an imperfect knowledge of your subject and a loose style of doing your work.

Messrs. Chambers's little book, as its name implies, is intended to contain enough matter to occupy for a year a boy beginning the study of Latin. There seems to be no special reason why the first year's work should be contained in a volume by itself; indeed, in the case of grammar, the arrangement has a distinct disadvantage, for a boy will have to change his book when he has accustomed himself to use it and knows exactly where to look for any reference which he may need to make. On the other hand, boys, and especially young boys, often treat their books so badly that there is something to be said for a system by which they are compelled to have a new one every year. The present volume contains Latin accidence as far as the end of the regular verbs, and exercises consisting of simple sentences, both Latin and English, for translation. These are so arranged that the learner may begin the first exercise as soon as he knows the first declension of nouns and can inflect the present tense of a regular verb. The sentences are judiciously chosen; and in the vocabularies at the end of the book the words which occur in each exercise are given separately, instead of all the words being arranged in alphabetical order, as in a dictionary. This plan is certainly the best for beginners, who ought to learn their vocabularies as they go on.

In noticing other volumes of the series to which the work of Messrs. Church and Brodribb belongs, we have expressed our doubt whether such books can serve any useful educational end. Their general uselessness can scarcely be better exemplified than by the present volume. Mr. Butcher's work on Demosthenes was at least interesting to scholars, as it dealt largely with the history of the period during which Demosthenes played a leading part in politics, and it contained much excellent criticism. Of the life of Tacitus little is known, and he is very slightly connected with the history of the times in which he lived. The works which he left behind him are everything to us; the personality of the man himself is obscure. The only way, therefore, in which it has been found possible to make a book about him has been by giving a kind of abstract of the subject-matter of his various works. The work of

abridgment, such as it is, is well done, but little is added in the way of historical criticism; nor is the dull, condensed narrative enlivened by good translations of striking passages. Only here and there are a few phrases or sentences given. The last chapter, which deals with the literary and historical merits of Tacitus, contains little more than the estimate which is necessarily formed of them by any scholar who has given attention to the author. His style is highly rhetorical; it is occasionally obscure. He often writes as a satirist rather than as an historian. And so on. The wider public, to which, besides schoolboys, the series is intended to appeal, will certainly rise from reading the present volume with the full conviction that Tacitus was an extremely dull person. We have noticed few mistakes in the book. The name of Otho is written for that of Galba in p. 34. In p. 90, "Astrologus" is written as if it were a proper name; the word should be "astrologers." In noticing the curious mistake made by Tacitus in supposing that Britain "faced Spain on the west," the authors do not mention the fact that Cæsar falls into exactly the same error. Indeed, there are so many points of resemblance between the accounts of the two writers, that Cæsar's geography may very likely have been generally adopted, except, of course, for the northern parts of the island, of which more was known in the time of Tacitus.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE chequered population of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, if the despair of the statesman, is rich in features of the utmost interest to the ethnologist and the student of mankind. It is proposed to comprise their principal characteristics and most important statistics, their ethnological, political, and literary history, within twelve octavo volumes—a space which will not be found excessive if the remaining volumes are as rich in interesting matter as the three already published (1). These respectively treat of the Magyars, the Wallachs, and the Polish and Ruthenian inhabitants of Galicia, races more picturesque, if not more important, than the Germans who are to occupy one-third of the series. The excellent rule has been followed of assigning each division of the subject to a member of the race treated of, and so far all the writers have displayed modesty in enforcing the claims of their own nationalities, and good feeling in their mention of others. The execution is necessarily somewhat unequal; but, on the whole, unity of plan is as well preserved as could be expected among so many independent writers. Paul Hunfalvy, to whom the volume treating of the Magyars has been entrusted, is a philologist and historian, and while the origin, history, and language of his countrymen are treated at considerable length, and in a very interesting manner, there is a positive dearth of information respecting their actual condition. His Roumanian coadjutor, Herr Slavici, avoids this mistake, and it is only to be regretted that his admirable account is necessarily restricted to the section of the Roumanian race inhabiting the Austrian dominions. He cannot be accused of flattering his countrymen, who are admitted to be the most backward people in the Empire, and are further described as reckless and slovenly in domestic matters, dishonest and untruthful, exclusive and bigoted withal, and advancing at the expense of nobler races by superior fecundity, consequent upon their low standard of comfort and well-being. Yet, on the other hand, it is no less clear that this long-contemned race is gifted with a vitality and tenacity which render it by no means unlikely that it will eventually come off victorious in the struggle for existence amid the motley populations of the Lower Danubian valley; while the high intellectual level attained under great disadvantages by many Roumans opens a prospect of almost indefinite improvement for the nation at large. It is evident from Herr Slavici's account that this must be slow among a people so poor, so largely consisting of migratory shepherds, and so imperfectly supplied with the means of education as the Austrian Wallachs; but the nature of his work, and perhaps prudential considerations, keep him silent with respect to the aid to be expected from the more fully developed nationality across the border. His account of their manners, customs, and superstitions is exceedingly interesting; on their history and ethnology he is almost silent. Dr. Szujski takes a middle path between his colleagues, but distinguishes himself from both by his particular attention to Polish literary history. His chapter on this topic, in itself acceptable, seems misplaced when it is considered how few of the leaders of Polish literature have been Austrian Poles. There is, however, abundance of information more appropriate to the general character of the series, especially a lively description of the essentially democratic character of Polish society, and of the disastrous consequences of the excessive subdivision of landed property. The unfortunate Ruthenians, oppressed by the Poles on one side of the Austrian frontier and by the Russians on the other, but still adhering with invincible tenacity to their language and nationality, also receive a considerable share of the writer's attention.

Schulthess's register of historical events for the year 1881 (2)

(1) *Die Völker Oesterreich-Ungarns: ethnographische und culturhistorische Schilderungen.* Bd. 5. Die Ungern oder Magyaren. Von Paul Hunfalvy. Bd. 6. Die Rumänen in Ungarn, Siebenbürgen und der Bukowina. Von Joan Slavici. Bd. 7. Die Polen und Ruthenen in Galizien. Von Dr. Josef Szujski. Wien und Teschen: Prochaska. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Europäischer Geschichtskalender.* Jahrg. 22. Herausgegeben von A. Schulthess. Nordlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

is, as usual, a useful chronicle, more particularly for German and Austrian history. The sections devoted to the affairs of other nations are generally accurate, but meagre. The chronology of the German Empire, however—more than one-half of the whole—is likely to be useful to foreign historical students, from its copious details of Parliamentary and other public proceedings, which, not being of a sensational character, are usually passed over lightly by the newspapers. The Austrian chronicle, too, though much more concise, affords a lively picture of the distracted state of the Empire, with its chaos of conflicting nationalities. The compiler's sturdy but narrow patriotism is especially shown in his general survey of the events of the year, where every transaction is estimated solely by its bearing on the interests of Germany.

A monograph on the arms and accoutrements of Roman troops under the Empire (3) is interesting and valuable, both from the clearness of the descriptions and the copious and pertinent illustrations afforded by twelve large plates, chiefly from monumental representations of military costume found in the valley of the Rhine.

It has been the object of Herr Wilhelm Geiger, in his work on the civilization of Eastern Iran (4), to present such a general view of the beliefs, institutions, and general characteristics of the primitive Persians as Zimmer and other writers have done in the analogous case of India. The task is one of no slight difficulty, the materials being almost wholly gleaned from incidental hints in ancient hymns and liturgies, whose correct interpretation and approximate date are frequently equally uncertain, and which are only precise and definite in prescribing religious ceremonial, or in treating of institutions invested with a religious sanction. It is apparent, nevertheless, that Herr Geiger has satisfied the highest authority of his time, for his proofs have successfully undergone the ordeal of revision by Professor Spiegel. We may therefore feel confidence in following his guidance, a confidence which can only be increased by the steady, painstaking, and methodical manner of his exposition. By Eastern Iran he denotes the western half of modern Persia, together with Afghanistan and the larger part of Independent Tartary. The first part of his work is devoted to a sketch of the physical geography of this region, and of the circumstances of climate and soil which so powerfully influenced the ideas and institutions of the occupants. As in India, the Aryan settler was an armed missionary, whose task was to introduce agriculture and settled society in the place of nomadism. In the religious order of ideas, the national consciousness of this duty naturally assumed the form of a special divine commission, and more particularly in the Iranian branch of the family, who, probably under the influence of the prophet known to us as Zoroaster, adopted a monotheistic creed. Geiger adopts the usual view that the Zoroastrian faith originated in Media, and experienced a resistance which may account for its exclusiveness and intolerance. "According to the Avesta," says Geiger, "the entire life of the faithful was a conflict with the powers of darkness." Hence its minute and tiresome ceremonial, providing a rite or a prayer to hallow the most indifferent actions of life; but hence, also, its high appreciation of good works, by which not only was humanity probed, but the realm of darkness was enfeebled and curtailed. Hence, also, the clear and positive doctrine of immortality and future recompense which was needed to render alike the burdensome ceremonial and the high ethical standard of the religion tolerable to the mass of its professors. The general impression derived from Geiger's work is that the ancient Persians must have been something like the Scotch Covenanters; but it must be remembered that all our knowledge respecting them is derived from their religious literature, for no other is extant. We have their Westminster Confession, we have not their Burns. The precepts of ritual, however, contain sufficiently numerous allusions to the pursuits of ordinary life to allow of a tolerably accurate reconstruction of the existence of a simple, agricultural, and yet militant and aggressive people. Many interesting points of their social organization, such as the condition of artisans, the traces of polygamy, caste, and slavery, are still involved in great doubt; but enough is known to make it certain that the essential characteristics of the Aryan race were represented in ancient Persia with little admixture from foreign influences—perhaps in a greater degree of purity than anywhere else in the world.

Karl Lehmann's (5) essay on the old German law of betrothal and marriage is especially interesting in connexion with the former ceremony, which is still looked upon in Germany as an engagement hardly less binding than the nuptial contract itself. The author's illustrations are in a great degree derived from Scandinavian sources.

Dr. Ruprecht's (6) investigation of the law of copyhold tenure seems to have conducted him to the conclusion of several other writers, that this system of occupation affords the best solution of the land question. The most interesting part of his book describes it as existing in Groningen, chiefly from materials supplied by M. de Laveleye.

(3) *Tracht und Bewaffnung des Römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*. Von L. Lindenschmit. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Ostiranische Kultur im Alterthum*. Von Wilhelm Geiger. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Verlobung und Hochzeit nach den nordgermanischen Rechten des früheren Mittelalters*. Von Karl Lehmann. München: Kaiser. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Erbpacht*. Von Dr. W. Ruprecht. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Williams & Norgate.

With great and well-applied industry Professor Gengler (7) has brought together a host of particulars respecting the municipal administration of the cities of mediæval Germany. Beginning with the walls and the gates, he successively describes the streets, markets, bridges, fountains, town-halls, and other constituents of the busy and animated whole, with copious quotations from the statutes and regulations respecting their use and management. Though thus a mere assemblage of particulars, his work is singularly stimulating and suggestive to the imagination, and would afford a Walter Scott or a Charles Reade everything needful for the reconstruction of a mediæval city.

Dr. Springer's contributions to the history of the Diet of Worms (8) are chiefly derived from the despatches of the representative of Strasburg, Jacob Sturm, to the councillors of that city. The discussions at the Diet, in so far as they related to the religious dissensions in the Empire, turned principally upon the endeavours of Charles V. to make the Protestants submit to the authority of the Council of Trent, and their steadfast refusal to acknowledge the authority of a tribunal where they would not be represented. The contest ended in a hollow compromise, justifying, Dr. Springer thinks, Luther's dictum pronounced about the time, "De comitiis et conciliis nihil curo, nihil credo, nihil spero, nihil cogito. Vanitas vanitatum."

The history of the Emperor Charles IV. during the nine years comprised in the present instalment of Dr. Werunsky's (9) work is not particularly interesting, except in connexion with the great visitation of the Black Death, which was common to the whole of Europe. This, with its attendant horrors of the massacre of the Jews and the fanatical displays of the Flagellants, is well described by Dr. Werunsky as far as the German Empire is concerned. There is little else attractive in the volume except Charles's conflict with his unsuccessful competitor, Count Gunther of Schwarzburg.

A general history of civilization can hardly be anything but a compilation, disguised, perhaps, as in the present instance, under an agreeable literary form. Herr Honegger (10) writes well, and shows considerable dexterity in assimilating the researches of experts and specialists. The prehistoric age, which forms the subject of his first volume, extends from the cooling of the earth to the close of the Bronze period. It is therefore sufficiently comprehensive to embrace the descent and antiquity of man, the origin of thought and language, the invention of writing and numerals, and all the necessary arts of life. The exposition of many of these subjects can at present be little else than a statement of current opinions respecting them.

Dr. Schönberg's (11) notion of a handbook is apparently that of a book requiring to be grasped in both hands. The first volume of the Handbook of Political Economy, published under his editorship, will undoubtedly provide ample employment for one of these members, and the other, it seems, is to be called into requisition by a second. The little manual now before us contains exhaustive discussions in 1,244 pages upon what may perhaps be described as applied political economy, treating of the principles of the science in their relation to banks, guilds, industrial legislation, and other matters of great practical moment. The writers are nearly all professors, and some of them, such as Brentano, are authors of established reputation.

Professor Teichmüller's latest contribution to metaphysics (12) is distinguished by all his usual acuteness, but is too abstruse for any but the most advanced students of philosophy. Dr. Dreher (13) has a more generally intelligible and attractive theme in his investigation of the practical bearing of the theory of evolution on opinion and morals. His anticipations are, on the whole, favourable. Unlike Haeckel and other Continental representatives of the Darwinian school, he maintains that the doctrine of evolution is more favourable to a dualistic than to a monistic view of the constitution of the universe.

Dr. Adalbert Schroeter (14) is an iconoclast, who assails what patriotic Germans of a literary turn have hitherto agreed to regard as one of their principal literary glories. The fitness of the German language to reproduce the Homeric hexameter has hitherto been an article of faith, and even those who have sought to improve upon Voss's translation have adhered to his metrical form. Dr. Schroeter denounces the German hexameter as dull, monotonous, and entirely incapable of reproducing the Homeric march and the Homeric music. The discovery, if such it were, would be unwelcome; for as German blank verse, even Goethe's, has little of the varied harmony of which English blank verse is

(7) *Deutsche Stadtrechts-Alterthümer*. Von Dr. H. G. Gengler. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Wormser Reichstages, 1544 und 1545*. Von Dr. Jaroslav Springer. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Geschichte Kaiser Karls IV. und seiner Zeit*. Von Dr. E. Werunsky. Bd. 2. Abth. 1. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Allgemeine Kulturgeschichte*. Von J. J. Honegger. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Handbuch der politischen Oekonomie*. Herausgegeben von Dr. G. Schönberg. Bd. 1. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die wirkliche und die scheinbare Welt: neue Grundlegung der Metaphysik*. Von G. Teichmüller. Breslau: Koebner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Der Darwinismus und seine Konsequenzen*. Von Dr. E. Dreher. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Geschichte der Deutschen Homer-Uebersetzung im xviii. Jahrhundert*. Von Dr. Adalbert Schroeter. Jena: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate.



susceptible in the hands of a master, while the heroic couplet has never been naturalized in the country, no suitable medium would remain except the ballad metre, iambic or trochaic, in which latter form, singularly enough, the first serious attempt to translate Homer was made by Gottsched. In fact, however, Dr. Schroeter is much too severe upon the German hexameter, which, if but an indifferent representative of the Homeric original, is nevertheless a sonorous and flowing metre, no less adapted to narrative than the heroic or the ballad measure, and admitting of a much nearer approach to the spirit of Homer. We should recommend the German critic to study Mr. Arnold's essays on translating Homer, and not to be deterred from embracing his theory by the dubious result of his practice. The English hexameter is a failure simply because the language is too monosyllabic, whereas the German is as copious in many-membered compounds as the Greek itself. Dr. Schroeter's historical survey of Homeric translation is interesting, though much too prolix. The first experimenter with the hexameter was Gottsched, who also, as already mentioned, essayed the trochaic form. Bodmer followed, but the first real success was achieved by Count Stolberg, whose version, in Dr. Schroeter's opinion, displays more genuine poetical inspiration than that of his more popular competitor Voss.

A long and interesting article in the *Rundschau* treats of the rapid progress of the German Post Office, a department especially important in Germany as being the only one which exists throughout the Empire as a single organization. Thirty years ago seventeen different postal systems existed in Germany, and in nine States the post offices belonged to a single private person, the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who obtained 450,000*l.* as compensation for relinquishing his privilege. As in England, the Post Office shows a tendency to engross telegraphy and insurance. Post-cards are a German invention. Professor Haeckel judiciously introduces an element of novelty into his panegyric on Darwin by the parallel he draws between him, Goethe, and Lamarck. It is curious, and almost sad, to learn that the latter's chief work, though published in 1809, was unknown to Goethe, who would have found in it the confirmation of many of his own divinations in natural science. Professor Haeckel, however, seems misled by a generous feeling towards France into assigning too high a relative position to Lamarck, the crudity of whose speculations was rarely corrected by experiment. There are two stories in the number, and a pleasing account of Elba, where iron-mining has prospered greatly of late years.

Nearly a third of *Auf der Höhe* (15) is occupied by a single story from the pen of Alfred Friedmann, descriptive of certain phases of Vienna society. It is not uninteresting, but has no special claim to such preponderance, save the inferiority of the other contributions, all of which are very poor, except the conclusion of "Frau von Soldan." Herr Sacher-Masoch is usually strong on Polish ground, and he has seldom been more graphic than in the pictures, partly tragic, partly comic, of the visitation of cholera which crowd the last chapters of this singularly varied and animated story.

(15) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 4, Hft. 3. Leipzig: Morgenstern. London: Nutt.

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